THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS,

According to the Laws of

RULES OF Reaſon and Religion.

VIZ.

Love,		*Deſpair,*
Hatred,		*Fear,*
Deſire,		*Anger,*
Eſchewing,		*Delight,*
Hope,		*Sorrow,* &c.

Sapiens uno minor eſt Jove. Horat.

Bm
S 76

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To the Right Honourable *John* Earl of *Marleborough*, Baron *Churchill* of *Aymouth* and *Sandridge*, Governour to His Highneſs the Duke of *Glouceſter*, and one of the Lords of His Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council.

My Lord,

A *Soldier cannot lay the Endeavours of his Pen any where ſo properly, as at your Lorſhips* Feet. *We have ſeen you in* Flanders, *as great as at* Kenſington: *You were the Delight of our own Troops, and the Terrour of our Enemies, the mighty Darling of* Mars *and* Minerva. *In Your Lordſhip alone, we found all thoſe fatal Contrarieties reconcil'd: The Captain was a Courtier, the Courtier a Man of Honour, the Man of Honour preferr'd. But not to be tedious, where the moſt that can be ſaid will be too little; Your Lordſhip was all that Man cou'd wiſh, or Man cou'd be.*

The brighteſt Planet of the Creation has been Eclips'd; But Europe's *Genius alas cou'd not long ſupport your* Retirement: *For tho' his preſent Majeſty, tis true, cou'd manage an Army without a* Marlborough,

yet there was another task more difficult, and out of his Sphere too, I mean that glorious Imployment Your Lordſhip poſſeſſes at St. James's. *The Education of ſo Great, ſo Young, ſo Hopeful a Prince, adds not more to your Grandeur, than it ſubtracts from your Tranquility: For the Charge of ſo ineſtimable a Jewel, cannot but make Your Lordſhip very ſolicitous. The Early dawning of his Infant Years, gave us all aſſurances he would be ſomething extraordinary: Every day ſhews us more and more the collected Endowments of all his Royal Predeceſſors: And if the reſt of thoſe who are about His Highneſs's Perſon, could come any thing near Your Lordſhip in Care or Capacity, He cannot poſſibly be otherwiſe than as Wiſe as* Tiberius, *as Victorious as* Alexander, *as Valiant as* Julius, *and as happy as* Auguſtus.

But I rob my Prince and the Publick too by the length of this Dedication: Wherefore my Lord, I humbly crave Pardon for the Liberty I have taken, ſo publickly to profeſs my Self,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Obedient
and moſt Entirely Devoted Servant,

W. AYLOFFE.

The Government of the Paſſions.

The Introduction.

REaſon is that Emanation from the Divinity, which if it be not the ſole end of our being, yet is one difference between us and the reſt of the Creation. Thoſe who firſt ſtudied the improving it, were juſtly called Wiſe Men: for as they excelled in knowledge and underſtanding, they ſeem'd the better Copies of their *great* Original. We may *indeed* form to our ſelves ſom Principles of Moral Philoſophy, becauſe its Object is the Work of Man: But it was a bold attempt of Reaſon, and ſomewhat more curious than cautious, more daring than adviſed, to pry into the Eternal Wiſdom of the Almighty. St. *Auſtin*'s defining the World to be a great Theatre, where the Art of him that made it ſhone forth on all hands, was more pious than exact. The greater effects of God's Wiſdom and Power are concealed from our Eyes, and utterly impoſſible for us to comprehend. Thoſe many wonderful Springs by which every part of this glorious Machine is moved, are all behind

the Scenes, and paſt our finding out, we ſee no more than the Dial Plate of the Clock (as it were) and nothing at all of the movement. Matter is we know not what; this Globe is ſuſpended we know not how, and the whole Univerſe is we know not where. Might not the World be rather thought a wonderful Riddle of the Infinite Wiſdom of God, to employ our admiration, but puniſh, if not prevent our Curioſity. The cauſes of all things are ſo abſtruſe, and our Capacities ſo ſhallow, that not only the Aſtronomers, but other Natural Philoſophers too may find all their Principles vain; and that Man is equally ignorant of the Graſs that grows in the Fields, and of the Sun that moves in the Firmament, of a Fly, a Piſmire, and his own Perſon. Every thing is ſo uncertain in the Syſtems of Natural Philoſophy, that our greateſt prudence is not to meddle with it at all, but humbly admire what whilſt we are here below we can never underſtand. *Ariſtotle* himſelf, that had the profoundeſt Capacity of any Man, if he knows any thing at all now, ſees a great many miſtakes in his Books of the Heavens, of Meteors, and the Soul, *&c.* For experience and the benefit of new invented Inſtru-

Inſtruments have taught us a great many abſurdities in his Works; and hereafter we may come to find that we are not far from being altogether in the dark: For Man's Reaſon is not ſo univerſal, but that ſhe is limited in moſt Subjects. *Pythagoras*, though he learnt much Natural Philoſophy from the Ægyptians, yet he was more curious of Morality; and found out a method of improving that even whilſt he inveſtigated Nature. *Socrates* was a great and good Man, and reduc'd it to Principles. *Zeno* affected a Gravity in all the Air of his Philoſophy; and that ſupercilious Sect, when they thought as others did, could not be brought to omit the haughtineſs of their ſtile: In other Points they ſought by a captious Dialectick to conceal the defects in their Doctrines to be Sophiſters where they could not be ſolid, the better to varniſh the falſhoods of their Philoſophy, they thought to out-vy the Modeſty and Patience of the Primitive Chriſtians, but acting by a different Principle, their Virtue was frequently overthrown, and in ſhort, moſt of their Virtues were but a Policy whereby they conceal'd their Ignorance and Vice, and impos'd upon the unthinking part of Mankind.

The whole Study of Philoſophy is charming, and every part of that body has its beauties as well as its benefits. Ethicks I confeſs has the leaſt luſtre, and if its utility did not enhance its worth, *Socrates* had walk'd by himſelf, and no body been in the Porch with *Zeno*. However *Epicurus* would have been crowded, for where Senſuality is the great Principle of a Sect of Philoſophers, the School will never be empty; if *Paris* be Judge, and fair *Helen* the Bribe, *Venus* may be ſure of the Cauſe. 'Tis true, our diſpute is ſomewhat unequal, and the Enemies we are to engage with in this Inteſtine Warfare, are not only powerful, but diſhonourable. St. *Paul* ſeem'd to mention his Victory at *Epheſus* with diſdain, ſince he fought with Beaſts, and what alas are all our Paſſions but ſuch? To triumph over Avarice is not a ſubject to boaſt of, ſince daily experience informs us, it is its own puniſhment, and we are as anxious in concerning, as we were in acquiring; nay, the horrours wherewith we apprehend a loſs, and the eager deſires of gaining more, are two ſuch tormentors, as make the covetous Man ſuffer more than one Hell? What glory is it to be not prodigal, ſince what is got by

Rapines

Rapines is ſquandred away by indiſcretion? and we fooliſhly laviſh what we unjuſtly got. Is not the ambitious perſon a ſlave to every one that can promote his Intereſt, and is he not advanc'd by ſo unpardonable a ſervitude, that neceſſity it ſelf can hardly render it ſupportable to an ingenuous Temper. Morality has this ſignal advantage, that it makes us good Men, good Maſters, good Servants, and good Subjects: whereas ſpeculation ſpoils Men, it renders 'em moroſe in Converſation, and almoſt uſeleſs to the Common-wealth. The Republick being a Man the poorer for every ſuch Philoſopher.

Utterly to deſtroy our Paſſions were fooliſh to attempt, ſince impoſſible to effect; alas, they are too fatally, and too firmly interwoven in our Nature, and can have no other period but what is in common with our very Being. However we muſt try to take from them the depravity they labour under by the Corruption of Nature, and reſtore 'em to their Primitive condition in the ſtate of Innocency. In checking 'em alone we prevent moſt Vices, eſpecially thoſe whoſe commencements being with delectation, we can hardly afterwards reſolve

to diſengage our ſelves from. And indeed we are rarely, if ever, criminal, but when our Paſſions rebel againſt Reaſon, and thereby make the fleſh unhappily triumph over the ſpirit, and the Man over the God.

The meaſures which the Philoſophers took could never effect this great deſign, they thought Nature and Reaſon were two ſufficient guides, and without any other aſſiſtance they could travel thro' this dangerous Veil of Miſery, and bid defiance to the infirmities of humanity. Their vanity gave 'em ſome courage, and being not acquainted with the difficulty, they very readily attempted what was infinitely out of their reach. It is more eaſie, alas, to know what is good, than to do it. Univerſal Nature ſpeaks through the mouth of *Medea* *---video meliora proboq; deteriora ſequor---* Neither the Philoſophers Eloquence, nor the merited *Encomiums* they give Virtue throughout their whole writings, can put us in poſſeſſion of it: our Malady is too inveterate to be awed by ſuch feeble Catharticks; and if Grace were not preſcribed to help Nature, Virtue would be impracticable. We have liberty enough to undo our ſelves by following our own impulſes;

impulſes; but are not able to advance one ſtep towards our ſalvation; that proceeding from Grace as the other does from Free-will. If we may credit St. *Auſtin*, the Beſt actions of the Heathens were criminal; being defective in their principal motive. Not acting by Grace, they acted by Concupiſcence, and made their own ſelves the end of all their actions. Glory or pleaſure being what they ever aim'd at. The Sages themſelves, who knew a little more Philoſophy than the vulgar ſort, yet were equally to ſeek with them in this important affair; for tho' they give glorious Epithets to what they call'd virtuous actions, yet all terminated in their own peace and tranquility; ſome Vices are painful, ſome are ignominious, and others there be which all Ages have had in deteſtation: Now that any Man who had the leaſt ſhadow of common ſenſe, ſhould be guilty of all theſe, were a perfect Paralogiſm.

The Epicurians eſteem'd the *ſummum bonum* to conſiſt in meer voluptuouſneſs; the rigid Stoick thought Virtue his happineſs, but we Chriſtians think Grace our greateſt, nay only felicity. The firſt made the Soul a Slave to ſenſe, and reduc'd their wiſe Man to the beatitude of a

Beaſt. The ſecond ſort puffed up the Mind with nothing but vain glory. *Lucifer*-like, the miſery of their condition did not make 'em modeſt, but they were as proud in their Chains, as if they were ſtill at the right hand of their Creator. The latter confeſs their inabilities, and ſenſible of how little moment, Nature and Reaſon could be to 'em in this dangerous Conflict, they implore the aſſiſtance of Grace, and pretend not to conquer but by the Powers of the Almighty. Reaſon, alas, is not our only advantage; and if I may be allow'd to ſay ſo much, 'tis not our moſt eſſential diſtinction from the reſt of the Creation. *Adam* was not made to be only Rational, nor could he have been ſav'd, if with his Reaſon he had not had Juſtice. His advantage was our undoing, for he could ſave but himſelf, and might damn us all. Nature and Grace being united in his Perſon, they could not be ſeparated but by ſin. Thus our firſt Parent by diſobedience loſt Original Juſtice, and revolted from the Empire of his lawful Soveraign, and in his Fall threw his Poſterity under the Tyranny and Power of the Devil.

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The Government of the Paſſions.

The Firſt Part.

TO be ſubject to Paſſions is one of the indiſpenſible Conditions of Humanity: and no Man was ever ſo very moderate, as not ſometimes to be ſhaken with their fatal violence. That we are not all equally ſo, is more the bleſſing of our Temper, than the reſult of our Judgment: ſo that our Moderation is not ſo much a virtue as a felicity. No part of all Moral Philoſophy has been ſo frequently handled, as this: but in my humble opinion, they have moſt written with more pomp than profit: ſhewing their own Eloquence, without ever helping in the leaſt our misfortunes. Some of them have been extraordinary induſtrious in declaring the Cauſes of all ſuch irregular Motions; but have never ſubjoyned the leaſt Caution how we ſhould govern them. Theſe may juſtly be accuſed of having inform'd us of our diſtemper, without preſcribing any remedy. Others more zealous, but leſs penetrating in the ſecrets of Nature, have confounded the Paſſions with Vices, making no difference between the

impulſes of the *ſenſative* Appetite, and the diſorders of the Will: the neceſſary Conſequences of whoſe Argumentations, is, that we cannot be paſſionate unleſs we are Criminal likewiſe. Some again would ſtifle the Paſſions; elevating Man to the immediate condition of the Angels, without reflecting that he conſiſteth of both Body and Soul, and that the Soul can never be here totally freed from the malignant impreſſions of the matter in which ſhe is ſo deeply engag'd.

As the Stoicks have always been remarked for the moſt haughty proud Sect of all the Philoſophers; ſo their Arrogance appears in nothing more palpable than in the Wars they have ſo loudly proclaim'd againſt the Paſſions. They think it eaſier to deſtroy theſe Monſters, than to tame them: that at beſt they are but ſo many diſeaſes of the Soul. That the grand Miſeries of Mankind conſiſteth in this, that he owes his ſafety to his Ruines, and all his glory to his wretchedneſs; in as much as he cannot be Couragious without being Cholerick, or prudent without fear. However, notwithſtanding the horid gloſs of all theſe elaborate and adorned reaſons, they could never produce a Philoſopher according

according to their definition, but in imagination alone. To elevate their Wiſe man they degraded their *Jupiter*, yet the whole World has long ſince been ſenſible, that whilſt they endeavoured to make a Divinity, they only conſecrated an Idol. 'Twas indeed admirably well obſerv'd of St. *Auſtin* touching the inſolence of the Stoicks, that they only differed from other Philoſophers in an affected Arrogancy of terms; and that although their expreſſions were more haughty, yet were their ſentiments no ſublimer than thoſe of other Sects. In effect they blame not ſo much the Paſſions, as their Exceſſes; and if they vainly boaſted ſome fond deſire of ſmothering them, yet they never had any hopes of effecting it.

It ſeems much leſs difficult to govern the Paſſions than the Senſes: for Love and Fear, are ſooner brought to reaſon, than Hunger or Thirſt: ſo that in as much as we can command our Senſes, we may by reaſon ſubject our Paſſions likewiſe, and render our deſires and fears, as virtuous as we make our faſtings and watchings religious acts.

Reaſon is the great propriety of Man; all other qualifications are but exotick

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and adventitious; he loſeth them, without impoveriſhing himſelf, and provided he be rational, he can always ſtile himſelf Man. This muſt be the great ſource of our felicity; and by managing the motions of the inferiour part of the Soul, we ſhall learn how all the Paſſions may ſerve to our advantage. Fear proves our ſecurity, and Hope animates us to generous Enterprizes, by ſo much the more glorious as they ſeem to be environed with difficulties. In ſhort, the Paſſions are not ſo predominant, but that they may be ſubjugated by reaſon. Virtue would want employ, if ſhe had not Paſſions to vanquiſh, or at leaſt to regulate. Fortitude bridles in Fear; Modeſty meaſures our Deſires, Temperance repreſſes the violent inſtigations of Voluptuouſneſs. Clemency moderates the efferveſcency of Choler: and if it were not for this, Princes would neither be merciful nor juſt.

If the Paſſions receive ſuch great advantages from the aſſiſtance of Virtue, after ſome training in her School, they repay her richly, and ſerve her as faithfully. Fear is the greateſt part of Prudence; and tho' ſome tax her with anticipating Evils; yet ſhe doth not ſo much

much foreſtall dangers, to make them more afflicting, but by conſidering them at a diſtance, ſhe teaches us how we may happily avoid them, or patiently undergo them. Boldneſs attends Valour, and the moſt illuſtrious Conquerors owe their Lawrels to the generoſity of this Paſſion. Choler ſupports Juſtice, animating Magiſtrates to the puniſhment of Criminals: ſo that there is not any one Paſſion but what is ſubſervient to Virtue, when it is guided by reaſon, and thoſe who have vented ſo much of their malicious Eloquence in crying down the Paſſions, have only ſhewed they were ignorant both as to their uſe and merit.

We may define Paſſion then to be a motion of the ſenſitive Appetite, occaſioned by imagination of a real or an apparent good, or evil. In its birth it hath no other malignity than what it contracts from the Corruption of Humane Nature. But when the underſtanding begins to be obfuſcated with the fuliginous Clouds of their Vapours, or elſe vanquiſh'd with the ſofter blandiſhments of their ſolicitations, and ſo perverts the Will, then, and only then, their motions turn rebellious, and who was but irregular before, is now become entirely criminal:

criminal: for as the impulſes of the inferiour part of the Soul are no ways free of themſelves, they cannot be vicious but when they are voluntary.

Theſe Paſſions we ſhall endeavour to bring under the Government of Reaſon: aud by the aſſiſtance of Grace happily tranſmute them into ſo many Virtues. 'Tis not enough here to know the Cauſe of our Malady, unleſs we are inſtructed in the Cure too. For theſe are diſtempers which charm, and the Patient frequently fears nothing more than recovery. We cannot deſtroy our Paſſions without making a rupture in the Oeconomy of our Nature; yet we may draw great Service from them; more than barely as ſome fancied, by trying our Courage in repelling their too rapid violence: or our conſtancy in ſupporting them patiently. I hope to demonſtrate that as Providence did work our Salvation out of our ruine, ſo we may gather our tranquility and happineſs out of that very mighty diſorder which our Paſſions occaſion in us.

Of the Number of our Paſſions.

SOme have made the Paſſions, as 'twere to flow from two different Springs, which they term the *Concupiſcible* and

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the *Iraſcible Apetite:* Suppoſing that ſuch contrary Motions could not be effected by one and the ſame Power, or part of the Soul. Yet, with their leave, I ſhould rather follow the Opinion of St. *Auſtin*, not believing that a diverſity of Sentiments preſuppoſes a diverſity of Faculties too, ſince one Man frequently deſires Things contrary in themſelves; yet he conſerves the unity of his Perſon in the variety of his Deſires. The Holy Father had a ſevere Tryal of this in his Converſion; his Soul was diſtracted with differing Sentiments, and the good Saint wonder'd that having but one Will, he ſhould be capable of forming ſuch very oppoſite Reſolutions; ſo that the Paſſions may poſſibly flow all from the ſame individual Source; ſince the Soul is not either divided or multiplied by its various Faculties; preſerving the unity of its Eſſence, even in the multitude of its Operations.

The Philoſophers themſelves are divided in their *Opinions* concerning the Number of the Paſſions; yet I can't but ſide with St. *Auſtin* in this particular likewiſe; and hold, that *Love* is the only Paſſion which agitates us: For as the ſame vaſt Body of Water, generally termed

med the *Sea*, has diſtinct Names in every reſpective Part of the World through which it paſſes; or as the Heaven's made a different Divinity of each Attribute and Perfection of God; ſo the various Effects of this one Paſſion has been the great occaſion of Man's judging that there were many of ſeveral Natures, ſuppoſing that it changed its Condition as often as it changed its Conduct. Thus Reaſon confirms our Belief that there's but one only Paſſion, and what others have thought to be ſuch, were but only ſo many Properties of this one. Deſiring and Shunning, Hope and Fear are the Motions of Love, by which it ſeeks what pleaſes, and flies what is diſagreeable to it. 'Tis but a very frivolous Objection to this Hyyotheſis, That Love muſt of Conſequence transform it ſelf into its Contrary, which is *Hatred*; for even that very Motion of Love is reconcilable with Reaſon and Experience; ſince one Cauſe produces contrary Effects; the Sun melts wax and hardens Clay; Juſtice puniſhes Crimes and rewards Virtue; or if we may preſume to fly a ſtep higher, God only hates ſin, becauſe he loves himſelf.

Whether

Whether there were any Paſſions in the State of Innocence.

'TIS ſo long a Tract of Time ſince Man loſt his Innocence, that we at preſent have but a faint Idea of what it was; nay, did not the Juſtice of God puniſh the Crimes of the Father in the Perſon of the Son, peradventure we ſhould hardly regret the loſs, as irreparable as it is. Every one diſcribes the State of Innocence according to his own Imagination, yet doubtleſs as the Earth brought forth no Thorns, ſo the Heavens had no malignant Influences; every thing conſpired to the Felicity of our firſt Parents, and the very Beaſt which inhabited the Woods (for Deſarts there were none) could not be called *Savage*, the Viper was without Poiſon, and the Tyger without Treachery: Yet alas this is all but Opinion too; and we are as far to ſeek concerning his Nature, as concerning his Beatitude, 'tis but congruous to think that *Adam*, being created Perfect, was ſubject to neither Malady in his Body, nor to any Diſturbance in his Mind: He was obliged to eat indeed to ſupport Nature, but as Time would have attenuated his Strength, ſo had the infinite Providence

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of God preſcribed him the Tree of Life to reſtore him to his priſtine Vigour. Nothing could kill him but Sin, ſo that he was not immortal by Nature, but yet by Grace he was ſo. His Soul was queſtionleſs as happily ſtated as his Body, ſince he knew every thing by the innate Faculties thereof. He had only good Inclinations, his Affections were under Subjection, and though he was not inſenſible, yet nothing could diſturb him, his Paſſions were as natural to him, as ours are to us, but with this happy Circumſtance, that they were more obedient, and as the Oeconomy of his Natural Syſtem, made him capable of our Motions, ſo original Juſtice prevented their Diſorders.

Not but that we muſt grant ſome of the Paſſions to be inconſiſtent with the State *Adam* was in; ſadneſs and diſpair could not have Place in a Soul compleatly happy, ſo that he was rather unmoved with them through want of a Subject, than want of Capacity. In ſo great a Pitch of Beatitude as *Adam* enjoyed, his Reaſon could not be thought to excite Paſſions, deſigned only for the Wretched. Doubtleſs *Adam* was afraid of the Puniſhment annexed to his Tranſgreſſion,

greſſion, and hoped for the Reward in Caſe of Obedience. As he deſired to preſerve the mighty Felicity of his Mate, 'twas but naturally Conſequential to apprehend an Alteration in it. As his Senſes were a Part of his Body, ſo were his Paſſions Part of his Soul, and they differed from ours, not in their Nature, but in the abſoluteneſs of their Subjection to his Will.

If there were any Paſſions in Jeſus Chriſt, and wherein they differed from ours.

IT would argue an extraordinary and unpardonable Ignorance in a Chriſtian, not to know that our Bleſſed Saviour took upon him the Form of a Man, ſubject to all the Infirmities thereof, Sin only excepted. He was conſtrained to ſupport his Life with Meat, and refreſhed his wearied Body with ſleep; he was puniſhed with the Winters cold, and was dropping with the Heat in Summer. The very Elements which reverenced him as a God, had perſecuted him as a Man, and he felt the Pangs and Agonies of Death it ſelf upon the Croſs, which he had delivered *Lazarus* from.

As Paſſions are the moſt natural Weakneſſes

neſſes of Humanity ſo he would not be exempted from them that they might be a Teſtimony of his Love, and an irrefragable Argument of the Verity of his Incarnation. He mingled his Tears with thoſe of *Mary Magdalen*, and though he was going to remedy them by his Power, yet he would firſt feel them by his Compaſſion, and by that Weakneſs ſhew he was a Man, before he would work a Miracle to ſhew he was a God.

As he had a real Body, ſo he could not have Suppoſititious Paſſions, and as he was actually a Man, ſo was his Affliction actual too. But whilſt we would magnifie the Love of the Son of God to us, we muſt not ſubſtract from his Grandure; Paſſions he had, but not diſorderly like ours; they were always ſubject to his Will, and waited on his Reaſons to accompliſh his deſigns.

But alas! 'tis infinitely otherwiſe with fraïl Man; his Soul is in a continual and violent agitation; one Paſſion gives way for another to create new confuſions, and amongſt ſo many and ſo powerfully tyrannical Enemies, how is it poſſible for him to enjoy any conſiderable reſt? our deſires are inordinate, and moſt of our ſorrows ridiculous: Our Anger tranſ-

ports

ports us ſo far, that we are as rigorous in puniſhing an ill word as a Murther. And if any one would ſeriouſly compare our Paſſions with the Cauſes that excite them, they might eaſily remark that 'tis ſcarce poſſible we ſhould ever have any that were not Criminal. Our Hatred exceeds the Injury which created it, our Hope is ſolid where the thing hoped for is periſhable. Our Saviour his Anger was to revenge the diſhonour done to his Father, or elſe to chaſtiſe them, who by their worldly negotiations profan'd his Holy Temple. 'Tis a new obligation we have to his Bounty, that he did not deſpiſe our Infirmities. What everlaſting and bitter reproaches may he juſtly make us, ſhould we not have an ardent deſire for his Glory, who has ſhew'd ſo much for our Salvation: or ſhould we not combate againſt his Enemies, ſince he has utterly vanquiſh'd all ours. What, ſhall we not ſhed a tear for his diſgraces, who poured forth his Blood to ſatisfie for our ſins? Indeed he would have too great reaſon for to complain of our Ingratitude. Should we not uſe all our Paſſions to ſpecifie our Love to him, ſince he has employed all his to demonſtrate his Love to us?

Of the diſorderlineſs of Mans Paſsions.

THough there be many ſtupendous things in Man, worthy our conſideration, and which do loudly expreſs the greatneſs of that Wiſdom which created him, yet there is nothing more extraordinary than his Conſtitution: both Heaven and Earth are united in his Perſon, and he is at once both an Angel and a Beaſt. As the Power of God was manifeſted in the union of theſe two Parts ſo highly diſagreeing in themſelves; ſo his Wiſdom was not leſs apparent in cauſing ſo good a Correſpondency between them; the *Soul* participated of all the Contentment and Satisfaction of the Body, and the Body miniſtred to the Purpoſes of the Soul without ſuffering a Violence towards its own Propenſities.

This happy Intelligence between them laſted no longer than *Adam*'s Obedience, for he had no ſooner fallen, but the Beaſts did rebel againſt his Authority. His Subjects became his moſt inveterate Enemies, to execute the Juſtice of his offended Creator. The very Elements were at diſcord in his Body, and his Body roſe up againſt his Spirit; and this

this inteſtine War was by ſo much the more eaſily kindled, as the preceding Peace was rather the Reſult of Grace than Nature. Nor is there any proſpect of any Enjoyment of Peace here on Earth; ſince, as the Apoſtle tells us, the Fleſh evermore is rebelling againſt the Spirit, and the Spirit againſt the Fleſh.

From this mighty Diſorder proceed all the Malignity of our Paſſions, and though they are equally Daughters of the Soul and Body, yet theſe ſo unnatural Children only ſerve to encreaſe the Diviſion between their Parents. Thus the Spirit of Man can never be at reſt; but is forced to nouriſh in his Boſom thoſe very Vipers, which he ſees devouring him. This Diſorder is the Penalty of our Tranſgreſſion; and the Frailty under which we groan, is not the Product of our Nature, but the Chaſtiſement of the Juſtice of God. For the Revolt of the Fleſh againſt the Spirit, is not a Condition of our Being, but a ſevere Puniſhment of Sin.

Since Man then is Criminal, and his Reaſon which ought to regulate his now diſobedient Paſſions, is become obnubulated; he muſt of neceſſity have recourſe

recourſe to Grace, and implore that from Mercy, which Juſtice has deprived him of. And ſince he cannot hope for a Peace, ſo muſt at leaſt labour to obtain a Victory.

Nature alone cannot regulate our Paſſions.

THere was ſome ſpecious Pretext of Verity in the confounding all our Paſſions with Vices; for in that State to which ſin has reduced us, we have no Thoughts but what are impure, and as our Nature is totally corrupted, ſo of Conſequence all our Inclinations are diſorderly; for the Streams muſt neceſſarily be troubled which flow from a foul Spring. 'Twas a generous Effort, I confeſs, of the Philoſophers, but vain withal, to attempt the making Man as moderate in the State of Sin, as he was under original Juſtice. But we Chriſtians have learned other Documents from the ſacred Scripture; we know that Grace muſt aſſiſt Reaſon to repel the violent Emotions of our Paſſions; for of our ſelves we are not capable of remedying their Irregularity, though we do not approve of it.

Nature

Nature in her ſelf has not loſt any thing of her original Excellency, tho' examining her under the miſerable ſervitude of ſin, ſhe has not the power of exerting her ſelf to ſo much good as formerly. She is not annihilated, tho' ſhe is become Criminal, and even under this Frailty there remains ſome Tincture of her Ancient Condition. For, as St. *Auſtin* ſays, there is doubtleſs no queſtion, but we eſteem the Being of Man, tho' we condemn his Sin: nor can we more reaſonably blame him, than in ſhewing how he diſhonours that by the fatal Contagion of his Iniquity, which was ſo very honourable by its own Nature.

Even under ſin Man has ſome good Inclinations, but wanteth the power to follow them; he has good Purpoſes, but knows not how to effect them, and like Birds caught in a Net, can't uſe thoſe very Wings they have, or recover that Liberty they deſire. Grace only can comfort us under our Miſery, and give us ſtrength to reſiſt Vice, practiſe Virtue, and regulate all the Inordinateneſs of our Paſſions.

Of the neceſsity of Grace to govern the Paſsions.

THE Grace which Jeſus Chriſt has purchaſed for us at the expence of his Blood, is infinitely more precious than what we loſt in *Adam*'s Fall; its Advantages are ſo glorioufly great, that they exceed our very Deſires. It not only elevates us far above our Condition, and promiſes us a Felicity equal to that of the Angels; but makes Chriſt our Head, and obliges God himſelf to acknowledge us his Children, partakers of Glory with his own beloved Son: But this only reſpects Futurity; for tho' we have already received the happy Pledges of theſe moſt gracious Promiſes, and that this Grace lies in the bottom of our Souls; yet alas! the Body is ſtill wallowing in its Iniquity; and tho' the Spirit be reinforced, yet the Fleſh is ſtill oppreſs'd with its uſual Weakneſſes, and groans under an intollerable Bondage, whilſt its other Siſter taſtes all the Sweets of Peace and Liberty.

Baptiſm doth not totally take away Concupiſcence; it only moderates it; and tho' it ſtrengthens the Soul, yet it leaves her ſtill in a certain languid Condition,

dition, which cannot be taken away perfectly till ſhe comes into Glory. This Weakneſs and Imbecillity of her State is not a Sin; and tho' it prove the exuberant Source of many, yet it doth not render us culpable, but when we too poorely ſubmit to its Inſtigations. We conſider not ſo much the Beginning as the Cauſe of a Man's Anger: Nor do we weigh the deepneſs of his Sorrow, but the Subject of it: Nor do we examine ſo much, if a Man be ſeized with any pannick Apprehenſion or not, but wherefore he is ſo. If he be angry at a ſinner, to reclaim him; or if he is afflicted with the miſerable, to comfort them; or if by his fear he can prevent the ruin of one, who was precipitating himſelf into danger. I cannot imagine any Judge would be ſo ſevere, as to condemn Paſſions ſo uſeful; and he muſt forfeit his Pretenſions to Rationality who would forbid us ſuch innocent Affections as thoſe.

Of conſequence then, the Exceſs only is blameable, and the Paſſions are no longer Criminal, than they are immoderate. Concupiſcence is born with us, and grows in vigour and ſtrength, as we do our ſelves; nor doth it generally leave

us, but with the laſt gaſp. However in an Affair ſo important to our Salvation, it behoves us to be very circumſpect, leſt by our Negligence, we ſhould add new Forces to an Enemy, that is but too puiſſant of its ſelf. Since we have entred the Liſt together, let us manfully attack it; and, if it be poſſible, by Art or Induſtry, make that die before us, which came into the World with us. But the Conſummation of this great and happy Victory is not to be hoped for in our Condition; and ſince Grace is not able to extinguiſh Concupiſcence neither can ſhe utterly maſter our Paſſions.

Our Senſes are chiefly the Cauſes of the Diſorders of our Paſsions.

I Cannot but lament the ſad Condition of the Soul, when I reflect what a Priſoner ſhe is to the Body; nor can I wonder, that ſhe ſo very frequently miſtakes Errors for Truths, ſince her Intelligence is conveyed to her through the Parts of the Senſes. She can know nothing but by the Ears or the Eyes; and their Information is generally ſo deceitful that Blindneſs were preferable to their falſe Lights; and an utter Ignorance

rance leſs inſupportable than the fatal dubious Knowledge they procure us.

Nature engaging the Soul in the Body renders her a Slave to all the Senſes, and thereby obliges her, in her moſt Noble and Conſiderable Operations, to take Advice of thoſe who are Stone-blind. From hence is it that the greateſt Part of our acquired Knowledge, is but a painful Compoſition of Errors; and even the Truth it ſelf is never unattended with ſome Lyes. Our Opinions are uncertain, and our Paſſions, which are generally guided by them, cannot but be irregular.

There is more Irregularity in the Paſſions of Man, than in thoſe of Beaſts.

MAn's Advantages are prejudicial to him; and Reaſon it ſelf, when once ſhe becomes a Slave to the Senſes, only ſerves to make our Affections ſo much the more unreaſonable, as they blindly believe themſelves in the Right. The brute Beaſts only apprehend the Danger that is immediately falling down upon them. And as they have no Knowledge of what is future, ſo do they hardly ever reflect on what is paſt. But Man, born for his own Deſtruction,

ſollicitouſly looks out for Danger, before it approaches, as tho' he was in haſte to pluck down his Miſery; or to enlarge the vaſt Empire of Fortune he prevents her Malice, and anticipates Evils, to which ſhe had not as yet given birth. Our Fear is equally buſied with what's paſt, and what is ſtill to come; and as we ſhiver at the Remembrance of a Danger long ſince hapned, ſo we tremble at a Diſaſter, not as yet fallen upon us: Thus are we as wretched by what may happen to us as by what doth.

The Brutes are affected with but very few Objects; and abſtracted from things that are requiſite to the mere ſupport of their Lives, they look upon all other things with an Indifferency that ſhames even the Philoſophers. Neither Neceſſity nor Reaſon can put Bounds to Man's Deſire: Uſeful is not enough, he muſt have Superfluity. And we may truly advance this ſhort, but pathetick Characteriſtick of Man, that he is as ingenious as aſſiduous in his own Deſtruction; generally employing the Sagacity of his Wit, to make him either more miſerable, or more criminal. The Beaſts are ſtupid, and their Complexion being

being moſt of Earth, renders them inſenſible, thereby happily exempting them from thoſe numerous Evils which only wound us, becauſe they firſt wounded our Imagination.

The Life of Brutes is uniform in reference to its ſelf; and Nature having confined them to narrow Bounds, they have but a ſmall Number of Paſſions; Fear and Deſire making all their Motions of the ſenſitive Soul.

But as Man is ſubject to Ten thouſand Rencounters, all of differing Natures, as of various Circumſtances; his Paſſions riſe up in Multitudes, and on what ſide ſo ever he but turns, he meets with new Subjects of Fear or Anger, of Pleaſure or Pain. Which Conſideration alone did give occaſion to the Poets to unite in the Perſon of every Man, the Malice of a Serpent, the Fury of the Tyger, the Choler of the Lyon, and the Lubricity of the Goat; demonſtrating from hence, that Man alone had as many Paſſions as all the Beaſts together. And indeed Man has not only more in Number, but they are much more impetuous in their Irruptions. 'Tis not unworthy remarking, that the Brutes muſt be provoked to Anger, the roaring

Buffler is not furious till he is hard hunted; and 'tis the Cry of the Hounds and Hollowing of the Huntſmen, that ſtirs up the dreadful foaming Boar: Their Pain or Danger is no ſooner over but they forget the Injury; whereas Man, once the Glory of the Creation, can't ſupport a wrye Look; and ſo far from pardoning Affronts, that he bequeaths 'em to his Poſterity to revenge after his Death, leaving them equally Heirs of his Indignation and Malice, as of his Subſtance.

As there is nothing more difficult, ſo there is nothing more glorious than the Government of the Paſſions.

LEſt the glorious things of this World ſhould be too common, Nature has wiſely made them to be difficult. The never fading Laurels of the happy Conquerors, coſt them a thouſand and a thouſand Toyls; they are purchaſed with their Blood, and ſometimes at the Expence of their Lives too. They muſt ſurmount Dangers, and acquire this Felicity with innumerable Fatigues. But how glorious then muſt the Victory be, which we gain over

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our ſelves? Capricious Fortune can be no ways aſſiſtant to us here; and tho' ſhe conducted *Alexander* through the whole World, and brought him ſo triumphant Home; yet ſhe could not prevent his murthering *Clytus*, and by one raſh Action tarniſh all the Glory he had acquired by ſo many and ſo incredible Victories. Our Paſſions are in a Sphere beyond the reach of that fickle Goddeſs; and what enhances the Luſtre of our Conqueſt, is that we fight againſt Part of our ſelves, and acting both as Commander and Soldier, none can pretend a ſhare in the Glory of our Victory. In moſt other Combates we are egg'd on by a certain Point of Honour; nay, ſometime Revenge and Choler conſtitute the greateſt part of our Bravery. Hope ſtimulates us on, and the vain-glorious Deſire of vanquiſhing makes us exert our uttermoſt Efforts to accompliſh it. But alas! here our Forces are divided, and we engage with but part of our Troops; and tho' Duty and Virtue may animate us to an Attack, yet the tender Affection we bear our very Enemies makes us ſo much the leſs reſolute, apprehending an Advantage that muſt coſt us all our Pleaſures.

Tho' our Paſſions are irregular, yet are they part of us; and we cannot readily reſolve to tear out our Bowels, becauſe they ſometimes diſpleaſe us. If Grace doth not aſſiſt us, our Self-Love will betray us, and we ſhall ſpare thoſe Rebels, becauſe they are Relations.

The Nature of theſe *Enemies* makes the Conqueſt difficult, and an utter Overthrow almoſt impoſſible; they may be worſted, but never ſo defeated, but that upon the next occaſion they are as inſolent and as formidable as at firſt. Their Being is ſo bound up with our own, that both muſt either die or live together. *Hydra*-like theſe Monſters encreaſe by their Ruine; or as *Antheus*, gather new Vigor by being ſuppreſſed. They muſt be loaded with Irons, and uſed like Gally-Slaves, to whom is left the Freedom of their Arms, only to row withal; ſo ſince we cannot hope for a compleat Victory over theſe ſtubborn Enemies, or deſtroy them with our ſelves, we muſt bring them to Reaſon by force, and make all their Motions ſubſervient to Virtue and Prudence.

If the Greatneſs of the Difficulty frights us from undertaking the Conflict;

flict; the Glory that accrues from it ſhould puſh us forward, in as much as the Sun ſhines on nothing more illuſtrious than a Man who commands his Paſſions. No Diadem is ſufficient for ſuch a Hero's Brow, no Encomiums equal to his Merit, and it muſt be Eternity alone, that can recompence ſo great a pitch of Virtue. The Reality and Subſtance of ſuch a Conqueſt muſt needs be ineſtimable, ſince we adore even the very Appearances and Shadows of it. What makes us admire the Sages of the World, but for having ſeem'd, rather than in effect that they did conquer their Paſſions? *Cato* ſurpaſſes *Pompey*, and *Socrates* the great *Alexander*; their Victories caus'd no Blood-ſhed; made neither Widow nor Fatherleſs: They ſwam not to their Laurels in a ſtream of Tears, nor did they depopulate Cities to erect their Trophies. If they fought for their Liberty, they made none miſerable thereby, and without taking others Priſoners, they freed themſelves from an odious Tyrannical Bondage. How muſt it tarniſh the Luſtre of thoſe Heroes Glory, who owing all their Grandeur to their Injuſtice, have only been famous, in that they were extra-

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ordinary Criminal, and of whom Hiſtories would have made no mention, had they not burnt Towns, plunder'd Cities, kill'd Men, and ruin'd whole Nations?

Thoſe who only wage War with their Paſſions, enjoy a far more ſolid Pleaſure in the benefit of their Conqueſt, than the other Heroes do, whoſe ſatisfaction is allay'd; and the remorſe of Blood and Death, Deſtruction and Miſery abates the Glorious Triumph. The Former we praiſe without Flattery, and admire them without baſe Envy; we extol them above the Throne of the moſt Puiſant Monarch here, and when we have follow'd them through the Church, we aſcribe them happy Manſions in Heaven. Their Examples help us to compleat the ſame great and glorious Deſigns; we read their Lives with admiration; and learning from their experience thoſe innocent but ſure Artifices, with which they prevented the inſurrection of ſo very troubleſom Enemies, we facilitate the ſame happy Victory to our ſelves.

Their chiefeſt Maxim upon which they depended, was never wholly to rely upon their own ſtrength; for Nature

ture is deprav'd, our Reſolution weak, and Temptation ſtrong as the Devil is ſubtil; ſo that nothing but Grace can ſecure us the Conqueſt.

No Slavery is ſo miſerable, as that of being overpower'd by our Paſſions.

LIberty is ſo charming, and Servitude ſo inſupportable; that without exageration, we may ſay, if one is the greateſt Bliſs, the other is the ſevereſt Misfortune Man can lie under. Nature ſeems to ſuggeſt to us the ſweetneſs of Freedom, when ſhe prompts us to expoſe our very Lives, to ſecure that, or prevent Slavery. Yet tho' this Evil be ſo anxious to bear, notwithſtanding the tyranny of our Paſſions is ſomething beyond compariſon with it; and we muſt grant, that no Bondage upon Earth can be equal to that, where theſe cruel Maſters domineer. Others are but Slaves in the leſs worthy and conſiderable part of Man, *viz.* his Body; their Soul is at liberty, tho' their Limbs lye in Irons. But our unhappy deplorable Slave is fetter'd even in his Soul, and hath not the liberty of thinking as he pleaſes, but when he will be Criminal.

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The violent impulſes of his Paſſions dictate to him what he muſt deſire, and what he muſt dread; he loſes that freedom, which the darkeſt Dungeon, or the moſt ponderous Fetters can't deprive the pooreſt meaneſt Slave of, and which the moſt cruel blood-thirſty Tyrant cannot deny to his moſt abominated Captive.

If our Maſters are too auſtere, we can change them; and few Slaves but have the benefit of a Ranſom; yet wherever we go we drag our Shackles and Bolts with us, and change not our condition, tho' we do our reſidence. The Fatal cauſe of our Miſery is within us, and we tranſport our Enemies, where-ever we go our ſelves: Nay, for a ſurcharge of our Wretchedneſs, we are ſo very ſtrangely bewitch'd with this Vaſſallage, that we have not only loſt our Freedom, but we have loſt even the very deſire too of regaining it. We are in love with our Servitude, and kiſs, nay hug the weighty Chain; and by an unheard of Blindneſs, we are ſo fatally enchanted with our Captivity, that we dread and apprehend a Deliverance. How miſerable is that Man, and how deſervedly is he ſo, who will not be at

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the pains of one generous Reſolution, one brisk vigorous Effort, to free himſelf from ſo deteſtable a Priſon, ſo ignominious a Thraldom as that of his Paſſions?

He who is a Slave to any one Man, may in proceſs of time, by ſubmiſſive comportment and faithful Service alleviate his Bondage: For he who has but one only Maſter to pleaſe, cannot be extreamly miſerable, or long ſo. If it be impoſſible to pleaſe two Maſters, how is that Wretch ſtated, who has as many as he has Paſſions, and is neceſſitated to obey them, even under their contradictory Commands? No ſooner one ceaſes, but another begins more deſpotick than the precedent. For here every change is for the worſe; new Paſſions being always the moſt rapid and impetuous. Every Maſter is here a new Executioner, and his Commands ſo many different Condemnations. See *Alexander* ruining *Greece*, and then depopulating *Aſia*; ſtorming at Nature for the narrowneſs of her Extent, and repining that he was neceſſitated to terminate his Victories, where the Sun did its courſe: Reflect a little on *Pompey*, intoxicated with a vain deſire of Glory and

and Grandeur, and raiſing Civil Wars to ſatisfie his Ambition, eſtabliſhing his Authority at the expence of his own Countries Liberty. He runs over the World to make an Enemy where he found none; and after all theſe formidable Actions, he will not believe himſelf really great, tho' his Countrymen call him ſo, unleſs *Julius Cæſar* ſubſcribes it too. Theſe commanded vaſt Armies, and were commanded by their Paſſions; being Martyrs to their Ambition, and Slaves to all things that the World calls Great and Magnanimous.

If the ſervitude of Ambition be ſo very uneaſie; what is that of Lubricity? He that has once given up his thoughts to this flattering infamous Paſſion, has no proſpect of ever recovering his Liberty. No Man can be Maſter of himſelf, who has once ſubmitted his heart to the imperious Domination of Love. *Cleopatra* governed *Mark Anthony*; and might boaſt indeed that ſhe had revenged *Egypt* on *Italy*; and ſubjugated the Roman Empire by enſlaving him who commanded it. No wretched Vaſſal ever laboured more to inſinuate himſelf in his Maſter's favour, than this poor ſpirited Prince did to pleaſe his proud

proud inſulting Miſtreſs. He durſt not Conquer at the Battle of *Actium*; but choſe rather to deſert the Army, than renounce his Love. But what can we expect from one who has loſt his Heart with his Liberty, and was ſo far from fighting, that he could not live abſent from *Cleopatra*'s Eyes? Hiſtories will furniſh us with Examples enough of theſe Heroes, who have ſuffered greater and baſer Slavery under their Paſſions, than what their proſperous Arms had impoſed upon the moſt barbarous Nations. Thus Nature puniſhed all their Homicides, making them ſuffer more in their own proper Perſons, than they were capable of inflicting on others.

To govern our Paſsions we muſt firſt moderate them.

THough the Paſſions are deſigned as Aſſiſtants or Servants to Virtue, and that there is not one which may not be profitably employed; yet we muſt confeſs there goes no ſmall Skill and Artifice in effecting this. Indeed conſidering our Condition through ſin, they cannot be helpful to us, unleſs they are moderated. That unfortunate Father who

who has made us Heirs of his Crime, did not tranſmit to us our Being in that Purity, which he himſelf received it: Both Soul and Body have their Puniſhment; and as they were both culpable, ſo they both ſuffer. The Soul has its Errors and Blindneſſes; our Inclinations are inordinate, our Memory treacherous, our Senſes deceitful, our Imagination but frivolous, and our Underſtanding dark. The Body which was the fatal and accurſed Channel, through which Sin was conveyed to the Soul: That, I ſay, has its appropriated Miſeries; and though it was the leaſt Guilty, yet it is the moſt unfortunate. Every thing is there in Confuſion and Diſorder; the Senſes are all diſtracted by the Variety of Objects, and thus deluding our Imagination, they occaſion all the Diſorders in the inferiour Part of the Soul; they excite our Paſſions, and like young Necromancers, raiſe more evil Spirits than they are able to lay again. They are not now under that Command they were in the bleſſed State of Original Juſtice; they are all turned Mutinous, and their deteſted Rebellion is to be aſſwaged, rather by Art, than Force. They riſe with ſo much Rage and Impetuoſity,

petuoſity, that their very Natural Motions are violent; like fine pampered Horſes, full of Fire, but not of Force; or like the horrid Ocean, generally tempeſtuous, and never very calm but precurſorily to a dreadful Storm.

To effect this great Work of Moderating our Paſſions, we muſt follow the Methods of Nature and Art. Though ſhe compoſes all Bodies of the four Elements, yet ſhe firſt tempers them according to their reſpective Qualities, ſo that they may the better operate in the Production of that particular Body ſhe deſigns to form. Art has found out the ſecret of reconciling Black with White; ſo that from theſe two Colours, Painters have compoſed all the reſt. Lyons have been made to draw Triumphant Chariots; and as if they had forgot their Royalty and Courage, have patiently ſuffer'd the laſh from a Slave. Elephants have carried Caſtles into Battle, and have been unconcern'd, whilſt ten Thouſands of Deaths flew momently about them: Thus Reaſon muſt imitate Nature, if ſhe deſigns to reap any Advantage from ſuch furious Beaſts as our Paſſions are.

Let us conſider how many ſad Troubles the rebelling of our Paſſions have caus'd in us. 'Tis one act of Prudence to draw benefit from our Misfortunes, and grow wiſe at our own expence; the moſt juſt Anger will fly out to an exceſs, if we have not a great precaution; and what was innocent in its birth, will grow criminal in its progreſs; and for want of mature deliberation, thinking to puniſh a ſlight Injury, we commit a groſs Enormity: Fear often ſurprizes us, and drives us into a real danger to avoid an imaginary one.

The ſecond precaution is to oblige our Reaſon to keep a ſtrict Guard over all thoſe Subjects, that may probably excite our Paſſions; watching their motions will ſecure us from ſurprizes. Dangers that are foreſeen are not ſo aſtoniſhing when they arrive. The cautious Pilot who ſees a Storm gathering in the Sky, or makes haſt into Harbour, or to avoid Ship-wreck puts out again to Sea, to be at once out of danger of the Rocks or the Flats. 'Tis want of conſideration only, that makes us ſo very frequently prevented by the riſing of our Paſſions; we might avoid it if we would be at the pains to foreſee

ſee it; ſo that in reality, we owe all our great Overthrows to our neglect alone. For if our Reaſon foreſaw the dangers, as ſhe eaſily may, 'twas no difficult matter ſo to prepare our Senſes, that our Paſſions ſhould hardly diſturb the tranquillity of our mind.

The third precaution is to ſtudy the nature of every reſpective Paſſion, which will highly conduce to the moderating them; Some muſt be uſed with ſeverity, others muſt be flatter'd to be brought under reaſon, others again muſt be deceiv'd; and tho' Virtue is too generous in her ſelf, yet ſhe is oblig'd to accommodate her ſelf to our weakneſſes, and employ cunning where force will have no effect. Love is of this nature, and to bring it off from an unlawful object, we muſt propoſe to it a legitimate one; and ſince we cannot baniſh it from our Heart, we muſt by an innocent Cheat fix it upon a lawful object: Anger is alſo of the ſame Conſtitution; to go to oppoſe it were to make it more furious. Fear and Grief are of a contrary complexion; to yield to them, were to encreaſe their impetuoſity; theſe muſt be forc'd down, and mal-treated to be moderated.

Thus

Thus may we with care and induſtry, ſo find out the qualities of the Paſſions, that we may daily oppoſe fit Remedies to them in their birth; and not let them mount to ſuch a prodigious height, as that they over-top our Reaſon and become vitious; but keep them in ſuch a ſubordination, as that they may be aſſiſtant to Virtue in all her deſigns.

Reaſon alone is able to reſtrain the Paſſions.

THO' the notions of the ſenſitive Appetite ſeem ſo many Monſters and Tyrants, yet we muſt be ſo juſt to confeſs, that as Art prepares Poyſons, and makes them ſo Medicinal, that ſome Maladies can't be cur'd without: So Reaſon and Care may bridle in our Paſſions, and of inſolent Maſters make ſerviceable and faithful Slaves. And tho' Sin has made them irregular and diſorderly, yet Reaſon can always manage them, ſo as to draw both Benefit and Glory from their Service. Conſidering them in their Infancy they are tractable, and may be eaſily curb'd, which made the Platoniſts call them Affections, as unwilling to give a Criminal

minal Appellation, to what as yet was not ſo. But if we ſtay too long, we ſhall find their fatal ſtrength encreaſing ſo faſt, that we ſhall no longer be able to reſtrain its impetuoſity, and of ſimple Affections they turn guilty Paſſions. Yet even under this Circumſtance too, they may be manag'd; for their irregularity proceeds from their abuſe and errour; and they could hardly be impeach'd of a Crime, if they were not miſtaken in their Object. Nature has not loſt ſo much by the Fall, but that ſhe retains ſtill, and ever muſt, that grand Principle of loving what is good, and fearing what is prejudicial to her. Did not our Senſes make ſo many falſe reports to our Imagination, we ſhould be freed from many perils which we daily fall into. The Devil knowing we are not as yet ſo deprav'd as to love Ill for its own ſake, deludes our Senſes with an appearance of Good, under which he conceals the Evil he tempts us to; ſo that we fatally love what we ſhould abhor, and deteſt what we ought really to love: This is the Artifice of the Devil alone; and our Paſſions are only criminal becauſe they are deceiv'd; would we take away that unhappy

happy Gloſs which is put upon things, and ſhew them in genuine Colours, our Senſes would not ſo blindly incline to them, nor they give ſuch powerful occaſions to our Paſſions, of raiſing ſuch commotions in us. Open but their eyes and they will ſoon leave the meer apparent good, to cleave to what is really ſo: For tho' our Paſſions have loſt conſiderably of their primitive Innocence, yet they have ſtill good Sentiments, and in moſt of their motions, there is much more of miſtake than of premeditated malice.

If we conſider them in that effervency and extream violence, when their fumes begin to obfuſque the underſtanding, there is no remedy but patience; we muſt wait till the ebullition is over. Reaſon can do no good here; 'tis now too late for any advice; waiting too long has brought all to a deſperate State: We muſt leave it to Time to aſſwage this Tempeſt; which when it ſhall happen, and by the intermiſſion of this raging Storm, Reaſon begins to have ſome force; then muſt we by a ſevere Penance and unfeigned Sorrow, ſeek a redreſs of our ſo turbulent Ills, from him alone who was offended thereby,

by, and by humbling our ſelves before God, grow rich by former Loſſes; thus learning Experience at our own expence, we ſhall never permit our Paſſions to grow to that fatal height again, as to offend God, or dethrone our Reaſon. Thus our very Misfortunes may be made to tend to our Advantage; and Examples in other things ſhew us, that a Storm may drive us into the wiſh'd for Haven; and the ſame furious Billows that caſt away our Veſſel may caſt us afterwards on ſhore. Not that a wiſe Man would leap overboard, and truſt his ſafety to the neceſſity of a Miracle: no more ſhould a prudent Chriſtian permit his Paſſions to come this length, to reap the benefit of Repentance for it, whereof he is not aſſured. We muſt not ſin that Grace may abound. In purſuit of theſe Truths, we may venture to advance on more, which is this; that conſidering all things, our condition is not ſo deplorable as ſome of us (peradventure) imagine, who impute the greateſt ſhare of our Miſdemeanours to the miſery of our Nature. Our good Fortune is in our own Hands; we ſail upon an Ocean, whoſe Billows are abſolutely at our diſpoſal; we can both

avoid the danger of Rocks, and if there ariſe any Tempeſt, we can immediately lay it; and what was inſtanced upon another Juncture, we may apply here in honour to Reaſon, which is an Emanation from God himſelf; 'tis ſomething extraordinary ſince the Winds and the Seas of our Paſſions and corrupt Nature obey it.

By what means we may moderate our Paſsions.

WE might here uſe the Policy of the Huntſman, who uſes tame Beaſts to catch the Wild; and oppoſe Hope to Fear, that ſhe might not deſpond; Joy to Sorrow that it grow not exceſſive. However, there may ſeem ſome plauſibleneſs in the method, yet it is not ſafe: We may prove the reality of *Ovid*'s *Acteon*, and periſh by thoſe Hounds we uſed for our pleaſure. We fortifie one Paſſion to repel the violence of another, which now having its force augmented, by our indulgence, may rebel it ſelf, and be more hard to repreſs than the other was. 'Tis not ſafe to ſhew them how to conquer. Tho' in common Policy the practice may hold off

off making War toobta in a more advantageous Peace, or to uſe the intereſt of reconciled Enemies to pacifie thoſe who ſtill haraſs us with Incurſions and acts of Hoſtility; and to ſow Diſcord between thoſe Neighbours, whoſe agreement and good intelligence might be prejudicial to us; yet in Morality thoſe Maxims have no Authority at all.

Reaſon, which is the grand Sovereign of all the Paſſions, muſt uſe her utmoſt care and diligence, in watching over the firſt motions of our Paſſions, and by taking away from them all thoſe Objects, which ſerve only to promote their Rebellion, keep them in order with ſo much the leſs difficulty. The Effects muſt ceaſe when the Cauſe doth. The only great Remedy againſt theſe fatal Inteſtine Commotions, is not to give them any occaſion of revolting. 'Tis the Pride of the World, the Grandeur of Court, the Glories of a Triumph, that foment our Ambition; and by ſhewing us theſe ſplendid Trophies of other Heroes, make us uneaſie till we have acquired the ſame empty Vanities for our ſelves too. So *Cæſar* wept at the reflection that he began to follow Arms at that Age wherein *Alexander* had con-

quered the whole World. In the private retirement of a Country Village, or a poor Farm, we ſee none of all theſe empty Toys, they are utterly ſtrangers to ſuch things, and by not ſeeing any Image of them, their Souls are never agitated with that raging Phrenzy that ſacrifices every thing to its own ends. Nor indeed can we expect it ſhould ſpare any thing, ſince it ſacrifices its own tranquility to the accompliſhing its own deſires. So is it likewiſe with Sorrow; dim Lights, dark Chambers, every thing coloured with black, a profound ſilence through the whole Family, amazement and horrour in every Face, makes the impreſſion ſo much the deeper. And indeed one would think Man did not labour ſo much to bridle his Paſsion, as to indulge it. Take away theſe lugubrious ornaments; let the perſon afflicted, but go abroad, and converſe with thoſe who have no cauſe to weep, and the ſource of their Tears will quickly dry up. Nature it ſelf will be weary of always lamenting, and peradventure no Sorrow would be ſo very intenſe as 'tis, did we not heighten it by Circumſtances. The ſame may be obſerved of all the other *Paſsions* which

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are not ſo difficult to govern, but that we will not ſeriouſly ſet about it; but on the contrary, by our fatal Artifices we render them more obſtinate in their Rebellion, and aſsiſt them in their Inſurrections, as if we were deſirous of being miſerable by them, or afraid of being victorious over them.

Our Paſſions are really in themſelves ſo many Seeds of Virtue.

THE Knowledge of Man being generally but ſuperficial only, we are taken with the mere Appearances of things. And this was it which made the Dogma's of the Stoicks be received with ſo univerſal and ſo great an approbation: They promiſed no leſs than to make Angels of their Sectators, and to place them in a Condition beyond that of poor Mortality. Philoſophy alone was to elevate them above all the Storms and Thunders of our Paſſions, and by fixing them in a higher Region of Se[illegible]nity, free them from all thoſe troubleſome Diſorders which interrupt the happy Calm and Tranquility of the Soul. But alas! theſe were empty deluding promiſes, and all theſe

proud Waves turned into meer Froth. Had it been poſſible for them to have made good theſe haughty pretenſions, they had at once ſuperſeded all thoſe Helps which Nature has given us to become virtuous, and the inferiour part of Man's Soul had been without any function: For the Paſſions are but the mediate motions thereof, by whoſe means, without being ſeparated from its body, it is united to what it deſireth, or keeps at a diſtance from thoſe Objects it apprehends. Joy is the dilation of the Soul, and Sorrow its contraction; Deſires make us as it were advance, and Fear ſollicits us to retire. So that to abſtract the Paſſions from the Soul, were to deprive her of all her motions, and render her impuiſſant as well as uſeleſs, under the notion of conſtituting her felicity. No reaſonable Man would ſure purchaſe his Happineſs at ſo exorbitant a price: For if Contentment conſiſteth in taſting the good we poſſeſs, it muſt inconteſtably and naturally follow, that the Paſſions are ſo many neceſſary motions of our Soul, and that Joy muſt conſummate the Bliſs to which our Deſires at firſt gave Life. The Paſſions being ſo many Seeds of Virtue, that if we will

will be at the pains to cultivate and improve them, they will produce extraordinary delicious and agreeable Fruit.

The Man is not born virtuous, and that the Art which renders him ſuch, is as difficult to acquire, as 'tis glorious to poſſeſs; yet it ſeems to be one power of the Soul to have inherent in it the principles and fundaments of Truth; and the Will alſo *ſeems* to be endowed with the Seeds of Virtue, which want more of manuring than ſowing. The Infancy of all our Paſſions repreſents them to us as ſo many budding Virtues, and a little care will make them perfectly ſuch. What is Fear but a natural Prudence, prompting us to avoid a danger that threatens us? Or what is Choler but a ſpecies of Juſtice, that arms us againſt our Enemies, and by a legitimate fury repels force with force? What is Deſire but a ſeparating us to unite us to what we think better, a ſort of elevating us from Earth to Heaven? Where is the mighty difference between Sorrow and Repentance, but that one is the pure product of Nature, the other the effect of Grace? Both of them bewail an evil; nay, ſometimes they

mingle their Tears to deplore the ſame Iniquity. There is none of our Paſſions but may be made Virtues; for ſince they incline to good, and abhor evil, there wants only Conduct and Management, to make them change their Condition. A juſt Object of our Love will make all the other Paſſions innocuous: And correſpondent to the governing of that, 'twill produce Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Juſtice. Were it not then barbarous even to endeavour the ſtifling thoſe Paſſions which have ſo great an affinity with Virtue? or were it not high Ingratitude, not to acknowledge thoſe mighty advantages we have received from Nature? or is it not Injuſtice to give ſuch infamous denominations to ſo innocent Subjects, who by our own prudent Conduct, might be eaſily brought to merit a much leſs inglorious Character?

We will ſtate it then as an indubitable Aphoriſm, That the Paſſions are ſeeds of Virtue, and that their grand Employ is to fight under her Banners, and revenge all her Quarrels. As the negligence of the Prince, is generally the occaſion of the Revolting of his Subjects;

Subjects; ſo 'tis the weakneſs of our Reaſon only that gives birth to the diſorders of our Paſſions; the Soul is more to blame than the Body, and the Prince than the People. Doth not our Fear hold an advantageous intelligence with our Enemies? and by obſerving all their motions, know how to give us ſuch a faithful information, as may prevent our overthrow? We owe indeed moſt of our Miſeries to our having neglected her Advices. Doth not Hope embolden us, and give us Courage to undertake Enterprizes as difficult, as they are glorious? How weak and languid would our Virtues be, (not to ſay imperfect) if they were abandoned by Paſſions? How often has the fear of Ignominy retain'd Soldiers from a ſhameful flight? and the bare apprehenſion of a ſcandal alone has preſerv'd Women in that Virtue and Pudicity, which opportunity had almoſt triumph'd over. Nature has made nothing in vain; and ſince ſhe has given us hopes and fears, let us employ them in propagating Virtue, and expugnating Vice.

There is no Paſsion which may not be changed into a Virtue.

IN the preceding Diſcourſe, having ſhewn that the Paſſions are ſo many Seeds of Virtue, from whence we may expect moſt happy, and advantageous productions; we ſhall here go a ſtep higher, and teach Chriſtians the grand Secret of changing them into abſolute Virtues. This operation is difficult, but however not impoſſible: And Nature will aſſiſt us with Inſtructions how to diveſt them of all their ſavage and monſtrous qualities.

This prudent Mother of all things doth not uſe ſo much violence as induſtry, when ſhe ſets about any notable Metamorphoſis: She conſults the reſpective qualifications of each; ſhe rarifies Air only into Fire, and conſolidates the Earth too from Minerals; and that Gold which we ſo much eſteem, is the product of a whole Age's induſtry.

Our Morals muſt imitate Nature, and conſider and weigh the ſeveral Properties of each Paſſion; that we may thereby the more eaſily change it into a Virtue,

Virtue, which is no ways Heterogeneous. Prodigality draws nearer Liberality than Avarice doth; and a raſh Man may ſooner be brought to be Couragious, than one who is a natural Coward. In like manner is it with our Paſſions; ſome have more Reference to one particular Virtue than another, and the juſt Application facilitates their Reduction. Take away that Panick Terror, which ordinarily accompanies Fear, and it becomes Prudence. Hope, that by a happy Anticipation enjoys that Bliſs, which is as yet locked up in the Womb of Futurity, may be converted into Aſſurance. Anger, which arms us to revenge Injuries, is not ſo far from Juſtice, but they may be reconciled, ſince the Purport of both is to puniſh Crimes. If we love only what is amiable, and hate what is really odious, theſe are not ſo much Paſſions as Virtues; and merit rather to be applauded than ſtigmatized.

Sorrow and Deſpair, Jealouſie and Envy, I muſt confeſs have a terrible Aſpect; and ſeem rather ſo many Executioners of Divine Juſtice than Adjutants of Virtue. But our Reaſon muſt pull off this frightful Maſque, and

make

make them appear in leſs inglorious Forms. A moderated Envy becomes a virtuous Emulation; and Jealouſie, when not extream, may aſſume the Character of Zeal; Sorrow has ſo many Commendations in the very Holy Scriptures themſelves, that plainly ſhew, that if ſhe be not a Virtue, ſhe's highly profitable to it. She it is that raiſes us from Earth to Heaven, and by deſpiſing the deluding flattering Blandiſhments of this Life, makes us long for thoſe of Eternity. What can argue more the Praiſe and Power of this Paſſion, than that it appeaſes even the Anger and Indignation of the Almighty? and no ſin was ever produced, before ſhe prepared the way. How can we conclude to the Diſadvantage of a Paſſion, which has more Inſtances to highten its Merit, than all the others put together? Even our bleſſed Saviour was ſeen to weep, but never known to ſmile. Deſpair has nothing terrible, but its Name; for conſidering it Right, it is a prudent Invention of Nature to cure ſome dangerous Maladies of the Mind. We make a Virtue of Neceſſity, and out of our Misfortunes gather our Security. Deſpair makes us eaſie, when Deſire deceives

ceives us by its Promiſes; the one flatters us, the other disabuſes us: Deſpair, by giving a new Force to our Courage, has ſometimes gained Victories, for thoſe who were vanquiſhed juſt before; and the utter Impoſſibility of retreating has occaſioned an Overthrow to a conquering Army. This Paſſion has ſuch wonderful Efficacy, that the moſt brave and circumſpect Generals have always avoided the bringing their Enemies to this fatal Neceſſity; and apprehended more the Ruins of an Army, with this Paſſion alone, than when it was entire, and not as yet conquered. The Poet *Lucan* had the ſame Sentiment of the wretched Remainders of the unfortnnate proud *Pompey*'s Army.

——— *Spes una ſalutis,*
Hæc fuit afflictis, nullam ſperare ſalutem.

To conclude all with the Opinion of St. *Auſtin*: Chriſtians make a good uſe of their Paſſions, when they employ them to the Glory of Jeſus Chriſt and the Salvation of their own Souls. We have Reaſon to fear the juſt Judgments of God, and the Miſeries of Damnation:

Our

Our Deſire is juſt when its Object is thoſe innumerable and infinite Pleaſures which are at God's right-hand for ever more. That Grief is but innocent, which we feel for the Loſs of our Liberty, by our firſt Parent; and when we deplore thoſe many Infirmities our Nature is at preſent ſubject to, thereby eagerly panting after the Liberty of the Children of Grace. 'Tis a holy Joy with which we expect the Felicities prepared for us, and by a firm Hope, taſte already the Promiſes of our great Maſter. Thus being ſorrowful for him, and rejoicing in good Works, we convert our Paſſions into ſo many glorious and ſanctified Virtues.

The Government of our Paſſions is the Buſineſs of Virtue.

THE Condition of Man is ſo very wretched by ſin, that even his Advantages themſelves reproach him with his Miſery: And his greateſt Excellencies, ſhew him that he is Criminal. The nobler Habits, which embeliſh his Soul, have only ſlaviſh Employs, being engaged in Combats not only difficult,

cult, but diſhonourable. For the moſt ſingular Virtues of Man have no other Occupation than waging War with Vice. That very Prudence which is our Guide, ſhews us, that we wander not only in Darkneſs, but in an Enemy's Country too. Temperance points out to us the Diſorder of our Conſtitution, and teaches us, that Voluptuouſneſs only flatters us to our own Ruine. Juſtice obliges us to confeſs, that we are not abſolute Maſters of thoſe Goods, we are actually in Poſſeſſion of; but that as they belong to another Proprietor, ſo we are but ſo many Stewards.

Although the Virtues have many Employments here below, yet the moſt Neceſſary is the governing the Paſſions. Nature ſeems to have given them a Being only to tame theſe ſavage and terrible Monſters: Some by Cunning, others by Force; ſome by Menaces, and others by Promiſes, uſing ſeveral Mediums to accompliſh one and the ſame Deſign. Prudence enters not into the Liſt, but is rather Moderator or Superintendant, giving all neceſſary Orders to ſuppreſs their Motion, even in its Infancy, thereby to prevent Danger. Temperance indeed

deed muſt ſtruggle hard, and that with Enemies, which are ſo much the more formidable as they are agreeable; and is forced to maintain the Heat of the Action, againſt all thoſe Paſſions which flatter our Senſes. Yet when ſhe finds her Forces too few for ſuch powerful Adverſaries, ſhe calls in the Aſſiſtance of Pennance and Auſterity, and by ſo ſevere Virtues, ſhe triumphs at laſt over thoſe diſſolute Enemies. Fortitude makes us bear up againſt all the Attacks of Sorrow. But as the Number of Troops are never diſadvantagious, provided they are well diſciplined; ſo the Aggregation of Virtues muſt needs facilitate our Victory, if we diſpoſe them right. If Temperance can't regulate our immoderate Deſires, we muſt have recourſe to Humility and Modeſty; perſwading us that the Glory of the World is not due to us, if we are Criminal, nor worthy of us if we are Innocent. When Sorrow proves too powerful and obſtinate, we muſt call in the Aſſiſtance of Hope, and take the ſweetneſs of her Promiſes to animate us to a Conqueſt. Thus Nature, fortified with the Succors of Grace makes Man Victorious in all

all theſe ſo doubtful Combats: And Virtue regulating the Motions of his Paſſions, he cannot but enjoy a Tranquility of Mind, not much inferior to what our wretched Father by his Tranſgreſsion deprived us of.

The End of the Firſt Part.

Of

Of Paſſions in Particular.

The Second Part.

Of LOVE.

LOve has this Property of the Divinity, that we all know that it is, but none know what it is. The Philoſophers gave it ſeveral Names, all Infamous, not knowing how to grant a good One to a Paſſion ſo diſorderly; and as the Poets made him a God, ſo the Platoniſts thought him a Demon. *Ariſtotle* himſelf, who defined the Soul, would not undertake to do the ſame by this Paſſion, leaving Poſterity to deſpair of ever arriving to the Knowledge of a thing whereof he was Ignorant.

But in purſuit of our former Hypotheſis, we ſhall ſtill reſpect Love as the only Paſſion; his different Motions being but ſo many Attributes, which have occa-

occaſion'd ſome to think they were other Paſſions. In his Infancy indeed he bears the moſt glorious Title; for the firſt inclination which is form'd in the Heart, when a charming Object ſweetly impoſes upon our Will, is term'd Love; when we ſally as it were out of our ſelves, to be united to that Object, 'tis call'd Deſire; when he is grown more vigorous, and promiſes himſelf ſucceſs, 'tis Hope; when he is animated againſt thoſe difficulties which oppoſe his ſatisfaction, 'tis Choler; but in every one of theſe States 'tis Love too. His firſt Condition is the Rule of all the reſt; for as he is more or leſs violent in his birth, or to ſpeak more properly, under that circumſtance, wherein he ſtill retains the ſofter appellation of Love, ſo are the other degrees of his motion more or leſs rapid; like the Heart, he diſtributes life and heat to all the depending Members; and he commands with ſo deſpotick an Authority, that nothing on Earth can parallel it. He makes Monarchs neglect their States, and Generals forget the nicety of Punctilio's of Honour. Emperors have been diſobey'd, but Love never; and as the Moon is the occaſion of the ebbing and flow-

flowing of Rivers, ſo this powerful tender Paſſion Love, cauſes all the tranquillity and diſtraction in our Soul.

Of the good uſe of Love.

WE muſt not ſo much conſider the natural perfections of things, as the good uſe which may be made of them. Gold is but condens'd Clay, tho' the covetous Man's God: Yet when 'tis employ'd to relieve the Needy, to redeem the Bond-Slave, to Cloath the Naked, and ſuccour the Orphans; who could diſapprove of it? tho' when it ſerves only to corrupt Judges, pervert Juſtice, debauch Women, and oppreſs the Innocent, there is no Body but muſt.

Love is the moſt holy of all our Paſſions, and the greateſt Favour Nature has conferr'd upon us. 'Tis as much a Duty as 'tis a Delight; 'tis an abbreviation of Humane Felicity; in a word, 'tis what the Divine Eloquence has thought fit to term the Law and the Prophets. By this innocent Artifice, we change Condition without changing of Nature, and transform our ſelves into the things we love; it makes even toils and hard-

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ſhips agreeable; and finds a pleaſure in attempting Difficulties, which it cannot ſurmount: 'tis the moſt unallay'd and real ſatisfaction Man enjoys here below, and a ſhadow of that ſupreme Felicity which the happy Angels taſte above. But Morality muſt preſcribe us Rules by which we muſt govern it: For an abſolute freedom may not be indulg'd to a Paſſion, which is by ſo much the more dangerous, as 'tis charming and agreeable.

There are three Objects of our Love; God, Man, and irrational Creatures: The firſt we cannot love too much, he being infinitely worthy of our higheſt Affection; yet 'twere our Happineſs if we could dilate our Hearts and Souls wider, to be more capable of this Paſſion, for the moſt incomparable deſerving Object of it. The love we bear the Creatures, is always reſtleſs, and never perfect, becauſe attended with ſo many uncertainties. Thoſe whom we love moſt, may, or hate us, or be treacherous to us; but admitting they were all that we can deſire they ſhould be; yet alas! they are mortal, and that Fidelity which they proteſted to us, cannot exempt them from the Law of Nature:

Nature: As they were born, ſo they muſt dye. By conſequence then, where the Creature is the Object of our Love, we cannot but be unhappy. Fixing then our Love upon God can only ſecure our Felicity; We are certain he will love us, as long as we love him, ſince he even lov'd us before; the infiniteneſs of his Goodneſs, and the immutability of his Nature may arm us againſt all Apprehenſions: He deſerves the moſt to be belov'd, ſince his Love to us can't change but with our Love to him; and whenever we by tranſgreſſion diſſolve this union, he is ready and willing to pardon us upon our Repentance, and take us into favour again.

Friendſhip is one of the principal effects of Love between Man and Man; even Barbarians eſteem it, and Nature could not ſubſiſt without it. To baniſh it the World were to ſubvert Governments, overthrow Cities, and turn the Condition of Man into that of Beaſts, to live wild in the Deſarts; 'tis the Band of humane Society, and the greateſt moral Contentment we find here on Earth. However, if it have its Charms, it is not without its Cruelties too: For as Nature has made nothing without ſome Blemiſh,

Blemiſh, ſo there is no Pleaſure ſo entire but has ſome Stings. Abſence is a ſhort Death, and Death an everlaſting abſence. We are vulnerable in the Perſon of our Friend, and often more ſenſible of his Miſeries than of our own; what Misfortunes fall upon him, are by ſo much the more inſupportable to us, as the Perſon was eſteemed. Who loſes a Friend loſes the better half of himſelf, ſurviving that part only to be the more ſenſible of his Miſery.

Friendſhip between different Sexes, as it is not to be contracted but with danger; ſo 'tis much better to avoid it. For tho' there is no diſtinction of Sexes in the Soul, yet ſuch an amity cannot be without Scandal, tho' it might be peradventure without a Crime. The World is grown too corrupt; and a ſtrict familiarity between Man and Woman cannot be long entertain'd, without ſenſible peril to both: Nature will be mixing certain motions with thoſe of Friendſhip, which cannot but have fatal conſequences. When Man ſhall be an Angel, he ſhall be permitted to converſe with Woman: For till he is diveſted of his Body, he will not be without a Criminal deſire. Therefore we muſt reſolve

reſolve never to approach too near theſe glittering Stars, whoſe malignant Influences ruin our Innocence, and whoſe Rays do not ſo much enlighten as they burn.

We muſt not only love our Friends, but Neighbours: Every thing that is Man has a right to our Affections: But the conſummation of this Paſſion is, when ſetting aſide thoſe baſe ignoble Conſiderations of Profit or Pleaſure, we arrive to that glorious pitch, as to love even our very Enemies. This is a real proof of the verity and ardour of our Affection; and if it is not advanc'd ſo far, it can't but be imperfect, and ſo forfeit all its pretenſions to the reward of a Virtue.

'Tis intolerable to ſee with what Idolatry the Miſer beholds his Bags, and how much Love he beſtows upon a Metal, that can make as few returns to his Affection as it is inſenſible of it. With what extravagancy ſome admire a Flower, which fades even whilſt they ſmell it, and which is irreparably loſt if they crop it. Others, more Brutes than the very Dogs they follow, poſtpone every thing to a Kennel of Hounds! 'Tis a ſhame for a rational Creature to place

place ſo much fondneſs on one that is inſenſible. There is I know a feeble ſhadow of Fidelity in Dogs, and of Love in Horſes; but as they are irrational, they are not properly Objects of our Love; we may eſteem them anſwerable to the ſervice we draw from them; but more is unpardonable. 'Tis highly abſurd indeed (if we reflect ſeriouſly on it) that that Noble Paſſion, which was given us to conſtitute our Felicity, ſhould be ſo miſplac'd, as only to argue the higheſt Folly in us that can well be, and that one Heart ſhould love God and a Beaſt at the ſame time.

Of the Nature and Properties of Hatred.

ONE would think there were nothing in Nature more contrary to Man than Hatred is; and ſince he derives his Name from Humanity, he ſhould never be reconcil'd to a Paſſion, that breaths forth nothing but Blood and Cruelty. However, this is as much a part of his Eſſence, as Love it ſelf is. And if he has occaſion for Love to unite him to thoſe things he deſires, he ſtands in no leſs need of Hatred, to preſerve

him from thoſe that might annoy him. The whole Univerſe ſubſiſteth but by the contrariety of the Elements: If the Waters coolneſs did not allay the violence of the Fire, the whole World had been long ſince in Cinders. So is it with the leſſer World of Man's Body; did not the radical Moiſture, temper the natural Heat, he would periſh immediately without redreſs,

Hatred is as neceſſary a Paſſion as Love; and we might juſtly accuſe Nature of Cruelty or Neglect, if having given us a propenſity to Good, ſhe had not alſo taught us to hate and avoid what we thought not ſo.

Hatred is in its birth no more than an averſion to any thing that diſpleaſes us; 'tis an Antipathy of the Appetite, or the impreſſion that a diſagreeable Object makes on the inferior part of the Soul. It has this property in common with Love, that it often prevents our Reaſon, and is eſtabliſh'd in our Will, without asking advice of our Judgments. And it has likewiſe this property different from Love, that we perceive it even in its conception, proceeding from anObject that wounds us, ſhe makes us ſuffer from her very birth:

and

and is not ſooner eſtabliſh'd in our Breaſt, but ſhe turns our Tormentor. One moment only is enough to produce her, and if ſhe be not curb'd immediatly, ſhe caſts Fire and Flame through all the Faculties of the Soul, and like that active Element, converts all it meets with to its Nouriſhment. Her greateſt Evil is, that ſhe dies not ſo ſoon as Love doth; when once it hath taken root, it laughs at all attempts of repreſſing it. Philoſophy that boaſts ſuch mighty Victories over the Paſſions, could never cure this Frenzy. I wonder not that Hatred when inveterate, ſhould make ſome Parents oblige their Children to a perpetual enmity with their Enemies, and ſo expire curſing them if ever they ſhould hearken to a reconciliation; ſince it is ſo impetuous in its motions, that it makes a Man deſpiſe his own life to proſecute his Revenge; nay, dye with Joy and Conſolation, if he can but cruſh his Enemy with his own Fall. From hence we may learn the violence of Hatred, that there is no Torment but it deſpiſes; no Crime ſo enormous, but it reſolves on it preſently to farther its furious Inſtigations.

If the Properties of this Paſſion are ſo very ſtrange, its Effects are fatal. She is the occaſion of all the Tragical Actions which ſwell up Hiſtory; and indeed he who follows her counſel, is capable of committing any thing. This Helliſh Paſſion taught us, that Man could dye in the Flower of his Age, without any Diſtemper, and that a Brother was not always ſafe in the company of his Brother: She gave us firſt the Curſed Inſtructions of mixing Poiſon with Drink, and murthering People under the colour of Hoſpitality. 'Twas ſhe, and not Avarice tore up the bowels of the Earth, to furniſh Inſtruments for her Cruelty. She teaches us to kill Man decently, and makes us approve of a Parricide, if it be but according to Art. In a word, after ſhe has pronounc'd moſt bloody Sentences as a Judge, ſhe will her ſelf have the pleaſure of executing them as a Hang-man.

The Good Uſe of Hatred.

ALL the Works of Nature are perfect, and cannot without Injuſtice become Objects of our Hatred. Another likes what I do not; and what diſpleaſes

diſpleaſes my ſight, gratifies his ſmell: And what Nature has produc'd of moſt unacceptable aſpect, is a foil to the moſt charming, and illuſtrates the variety of the Created Beings. All ſuch things then muſt be exempted from the violence of this Paſſion. Sin only can be its proper and legitimate Object; and that with this reſervation too, that our own Offences be rather made ſo, than thoſe of our Neighbour. We know not ſo well the Circumſtances of his Tranſgreſſion as our own. We are not Judges over him, therefore muſt not exerciſe our hatred with his failings. Its greateſt edge muſt be againſt our ſelves, and there it can never prove exceſsive; when we juſtifie God's Goodneſs by our implacable hatred of iniquity. 'Tis an act of Juſtice to abominate ſin. And *David* thought he ſhewed his Love to God, when he demonſtrated his hatred to his Enemies, and therefore ceaſed praiſing him to curſe the wicked and ungodly.

To make our Hatred meritorious, as was that of the Royal Prophet, it muſt have thoſe two Conditions with it which his had: That is, we muſt hate Sin, but not Nature: We muſt deteſt

the work of the Creature, but cheriſh and admire that of God. Thus by the aſſiſtance of Grace, Hatred becomes a Virtue, and aſſiſtant both to Juſtice and Charity. But ſhe is practiſed much more ſecurely againſt our own Imperfections, than thoſe of our Neighbours. Self-love here will tye up our hands that we ſhall never exceed in it; what holy Fury ſoever our Love to God might inſpire us with, yet that natural inclination we have to our ſelves, would hinder us from proceeding without any dangerous ſeverity.

The hating our ſelves is one of the Foundations of Chriſt's Goſpel. We muſt deny our ſelves and follow him, if we will be his Diſciples. Love and Hatred are taught in his School after an extraordinary manner. For we are to give all our Love to our Neighbour, and to reſerve the ſame degree of Hatred for our ſelves. This Command is more rigorous in appearance than effect: For under the ſeverity which it ſeems to carry along with it, there is conceal'd the ſweetneſs of Love; for by a happy deſtiny attending this proſecution of Hatred, we love our ſelves ſo much the more really, by how much we hate our ſelves for ſin.

This Doctrine of our Saviour extends to the Spirit as well as the Fleſh, and enjoyns us not only Mortification, to repreſs the ſawcy motions of the Body, but Self-denial, thereby ſubmitting our very Will to that of God. Our Hatred cannot be perfect if it reach no farthet than the Body alone; for it muſt equally act againſt every diſorder that is caus'd by ſin: And as Nature has loſt her Original Purity, ſo both the parts, whereof ſhe conſiſteth, are become criminal. The inclinations of the Soul are not more innocent than thoſe of the Body; they have both their imperfections, and are both corrupted. What thick Clouds of Error and Ignorance obfuſcate our Underſtanding? With what labour do we learn, and how eaſily is it all forgotten? our Memory which paſſes for a Miracle in Nature, treaſures up Idea's that are falſe, as well as what are not ſo: She is treacherous, and leaves us at a pinch, furniſhing us rather with futilous unneceſſary things, than what are of moment to us.

Perfectly to practiſe this great Doctrine of Jeſus Chriſt, we muſt denounce War againſt both Soul and Body; and Combate the Darkneſs of our Underſtanding,

ſtanding, the Weakneſs of our Memory, the Malice of our Will, the Error of our Imagination, and the Perfidiouſneſs of our Senſes, together with the Rebellion of every Member of our Body. Theſe ill Qualities which deface the Image of the Creator in the Creature, are the proper Objects of all our Hatred; we may abhor them with Innocence, and puniſh them without Injuſtice. In a word, we muſt deteſt and abominate every thing that Sin produces, and which Grace cannot ſuffer.

Of the Nature and Properties of Deſire.

DEſire is the Motion of the Soul towards a good which it loveth, but is not yet in poſſeſſion of; from this Definition we may gather its firſt and chiefeſt Property, which is Inequitude.

There can be no real Contentment where this Paſſion is conceived. Some have voluntarily condemned themſelves to horrours and miſeries, thinking every Remedy pleaſant that cur'd ſo intollerable a Malady. *Seneca* tells us of a Woman who followed her Son into Baniſhment, chuſing rather the Torments of Exile, than thoſe of regretting her Sons

Son's Abſence, and deſiring his Return. But Nature, who deſigned this Paſſion for a Plague, hath given us Hope for to mitigate the Horrours which its Motions create; for 'tis the wretchedneſs of the damned to deſire, without Hope of ever obtaining, and to languiſh after a Felicity, which 'tis impoſſible for them to poſſeſs. This Torment alone is far more inſupportable to them, than the ſcorching of the inquenchable Flames or the Company of Devils, nay, more ſenſible than the very Eternity of their Damnation it ſelf.

But 'tis not in Hell alone that this Paſſion exerts it ſelf in the Rigours of its Cruelty, ſhe afflicts Man here upon Earth; and ſhe is a Miniſter of Divine Juſtice, ſhe is alſo by a Holy Artifice, ſubſervient to Mercy. The Innocent and Godly deſire to be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt. This Paſſion gives Life and Motion to all the others in our Soul. Hatred only tortures us, becauſe it deſires Revenge; Ambition, becauſe it thirſts after Honours; Avarice, becauſe it longeth after Gold; and all the Paſſions are only inſupportable, becauſe they are attended with Deſires, which, like a Contagious Malady, is

ſpreading its fatal Poiſon through all the Faculties of the Soul, to render Man ſo much the more miſerable.

If Deſire be ſo cruel, ſhe is as ſhameful, for it is as much an Argument of our Indigence as our Affection; for we never deſire but Things that we have not. *Alexander* the Great, who could make Sovereigns of his Slaves, could not accompliſh his Deſires in other Things: He ſaw his dear Friend *Hepheſtion*, at the Point of Death, and could only ſpecifie his Love to him, in the Fervour of his unfeigned Wiſhes for his Recovery. The Vows he made to Heaven for his Health, were ſo many evident Proofs of his Weakneſs and Incapacity, as well as of his Love and Sorrow.

Deſires are ſo many Publick Marks of ſome Private Neceſſity; for the Soul that wiſhes ſhews its Indigency. This made *Tertullian* ſay, That Deſire is the Glory of Things deſired, and the Shame of the Party deſiring; the Honour of Riches, and the Infamy of the Miſer; the Reputation of Dignities, but the Scandal of the Ambitious.

Of the good Uſe of Deſire.

ALthough there is nothing more frequent, than *Deſires*, yet there is nothing more rare than their good Uſe. For of ſo many who make Wiſhes, how few know how to moderate them? Nature has beſtowed on us this Paſſion, in order to the acquiring the Good we want and which is neceſſary for us. We muſt be cautious, and have only faint Deſires for Tranſitory Things; and be reſerved in our wiſhing for what may be taken away from us with Violence. The Fruition of no ſublunary Felicity, can be ſo fixed, but by a Reverſe of Fate, it may be interrupted; therefore we muſt love them, without Ardour, deſire them with Moderation, poſſeſs them with Indifference, and part with them without Sorrow.

But the great and principal Uſe we ought to make of this Noble Paſſion, is to elevate us to God, and unite us inſeparably to him; for as he is the only and proper worthy Object of our Love ſo muſt he be of our Deſires likewiſe. The moſt glorious Things below, are but imperfect at beſt; and if they have

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ſome Charms to attract our Affection, they have alſo many Faults, which merit our Contempt. The Sun with the beautiful Luſtre of his ſplendid Rayes, hath found People ſo Captivated with his Glory, that they raiſed Altars to him; & Chriſtianity which ſpread almoſt all over the Face of the known Earth, has not been able to convince theſe of their Idolatry; yet he has his Imperfections too, which argue him but a Creature; he cannot enlighten at once both the Parts of the World; and though he goes round it every Day, yet but the one half of it enjoys his Light. He cannot avoid Ecclipſes, and ſee his Glories obfuſcated by a Planet much inferior to him, both in Magnitude and Beauty. His Influences are not always propitious; he is the Parricide, as well as the Parent of Flowers. If his Rays warm us here in *Europe*, they ſcorch thoſe in *Africk*. But God has nothing which is not amiable in the higheſt Degree: Millions of Angels ſing forth the Honour of his Perfections, which have had immortal Admirers, paying Homage and Adoration to them, from the very Infancy of the Creation. This is that ſupream Good which we all long after; he alone is able to fill the vaſt Immenſity

ſity of our Deſires, with the Infinity of his Glories, the Exuberancy of his Perfections, and the unutterable Joys of his raviſhing Beauties. Let us then hug our Miſery, and rejoyce that Nature has given us this Paſſion, ſince it may ſerve as Wings to elevate us to God, and as Chains for to faſten us there too. Our Wiſhes after Salvation can never be Fruitleſs, the Object being Good, their Virtue conſiſteth in their Ardour. Our Converſion depends upon our own Will. Deſire animated with Grace, blots out all our Tranſgreſſions; and though Heaven be ſo glorious and ſo happy a Place, yet it has coſt little more than Deſires to them who now enjoy it.

The Power of this Paſſion is ſo great that it makes us heard in Heaven, even without ſpeaking; and nothing was ever refuſed there to the Importunity of its Demands. It makes one of the glorious Appellations of Jeſus Chriſt; for before he was known by the Name of the *Saviour of the World*, he was known by that of the *Deſired of all Nations*.

Of the Nature and Properties of Eſchewing.

WE ſhould have but too juſt Reaſons of reprehending Nature in the diſpenſing of her Favours, if after having given us an Impreſſion whereby we covet Good, ſhe had not alſo given us one to avoid Evil; for ſince we hate it, 'twould be a ſevere Affliction not to be able to fly it. This Paſſion ſeems to be the Daughter of Hatred, or her Hand-Maid at leaſt; ſhe is as impetuous in running from any Object, ſhe apprehends, as Love is in purſuit of what it deſires. Her Motions are generally innocent, and rarely Criminal but by ſurprize. We muſt then conſider, whether the Evil ſhe labours to ſhun, is really or apparently ſo: and if Opinion has not perſwaded her of an Error, inſtead of a Truth. There is properly but two things that may be termed Evil, that is, Guilt and Pain; yet as we are much more ſenſible of the one, than of the other, ſo are we more diligent to avoid it; and there are but few Men, who had not rather be criminal, than miſerable. We fly the Plague more than Sin; and though we would not live in an Air that were prejudicial to our Health, yet we run daily into Company that

that robs us of our innocence. However, Pain has this great advantage, that it contributes equally to the Salvation of Man and the Glory of God: For he is as much glorified in the puniſhment of the wicked, as in the rewarding of the Juſt. Therefore we muſt adore the Arm that ſtrikes us; and love the ſtripes for the dear Hand's ſake which inflicts them, and teach the whole World, that the Thunderbolts of the Almighty are juſt, ſince they who are ſtruck with them even adore them.

Sin is a real Evil, and there ought our averſion to be irreconcilable. There is no motion of it but what is odious; the irregularity of the Will is its Cauſe, and an infiniteneſs its Object; it violates all Laws, and diſhonours both Angels and Man. All the Miſeries we ſuffer here are the puniſhments of its Diſorders. This is the great Evil we muſt eſchew, which has Hell for its place of reſidence, and Eternal Death for its Chaſtizement.

Of all the Sins, none ſeems more properly to ſtand in need of this Paſſion to curb it, than that of Laſciviouſneſs; other Paſſions may jointly be employ'd to combat ſome Vices, but nothing can be ſo efficaciouſly apply'd here as eſchew-

eſchewing. No Charms will be ſo powerful, no Temptation ſo ſtrong, no Opportunity ſo favourable, but that if we retire from them, they can't hurt us.

Here flying only can ſecure the Field;
Who ſtays to parley, will be ſure to yield.

'Tis by this Paſſion that Chaſtity is preſerv'd in the World, and by this that Men retiring from the Earth, become Angels in it, triumphing over the Wiles of the Devil, even in the infirmities of the Fleſh.

Since we have ſo great obligations to this Paſſion, owing our Salvation partly to it; let us conſider a few of its Properties: For we ought exactly to know a Paſſion, to which we ſtand indebted for ſo conſiderable advantages. 'Tis the reverſe of Deſire, as Hatred is of Love; and its effects are as powerful as either of them all. 'Tis likewiſe an argument of our weakneſs, ſince by our retreating, we confeſs we have no other Strength, to ſurmount an Evil which attacks us.

Of Hope.

THat Art which raiſes it ſelf from the Earth to contemplate the Heavens, and neglects the Beauties here below,

low, to gaze on thoſe of the Stars: This Art tell us, that the Sun changes not his Nature, tho' he changeth his Houſes; and that the Planet which Eclipſes him, doth not diminiſh his Light. Moraliſts, who acknowledge no other Sun than Love, confeſs that he aſſumes new Influences with new Aſpects; and that he alters not his Eſſence when he varies his Name. But that he accommodates himſelf to the Sentiments of our Soul, according to the ſundry Effects he deſigns to produce. He is melancholy and dejected under Affliction, violent in Anger, prompt in Deſire, caſt down in Deſpair, and eaſie in Joy: yet he is never ſo agreeable as in Hope.

This ſeems to be his Throne, whereon he never ſits, but in all his Pomp and Splendor. This is the moſt generous motion of the Soul; an inciting the Hero to every thing that is glorious. At her Solicitations, *Alexander* undertook the Conqueſt of *Aſia*, and diſtributed the Fruits of his Victories to his Captains; and he who thought the whole Univerſe too narrow for his Sword, was contented with Hope alone for his ſhare of all things. All the Conquerors were her Votaries, not to

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ſay her Slaves; and that Ambition which precipitated them into ſo many Dangers, took all her Councels from this Paſſion.

Her Empire doth not extend only over Princes, but the meaneſt Vaſſals live by her Flatteries. The Husbandman Manures his Land, the Merchant tempts the Conſtancy of the Seas for gain; and if Hope makes the former ſtrive, by Patience and Induſtry to overcome the barrenneſs of the Earth, ſo ſhe makes the latter truſt all to the fury of a more treacherous Element. She is ſo happy in her Subjects, that we believe her, tho' we have been deceiv'd by her. She knows ſo well how to give ſpecious Gloſſes to her new Promiſes, that upon her word alone, we throw our ſelves into new Dangers to compaſs our Deſigns, which were fruſtrated more than once before. There is no condition of Life ſo very wretched, but 'tis made leſs intollerable by this Paſſion; whence came that true, tho' old Proverb; Were it not for Hope the Heart would break; ſhe comforts the Slave in the Gallies, and the Captive in his Bondage; and tho' ſhe deceives us never ſo often, yet we cannot be brought to renounce her. Hope

Hope is the motion of the Iraſcible Appetite towards a good, that is abſent, difficult, but poſſible; and if ſhe may be abus'd, whilſt indiſcreetly employ'd about Futurity, relying too entirely on its incertainty, yet ſhe is of great uſe in Religion, when ſhe is founded upon Eternity.

Of the Good Uſe of Hope.

CHriſtian Religion is wholly grounded upon Hope: And as ſhe deſpiſes the Felicities of the preſent, ſo ſhe waits and longs for thoſe which are to come: We are not of this World; no wonder then if we are mal-traited in it: But as we have nothing to poſſeſs here below, we ought to expect all above. 'Tis here we wait to receive the fulfilling our Redeemer's Promiſes, and really taſte thoſe Joys, whereof we have at preſent but the Pledge. With a bold impatience we long for that happy day, wherein the Son of God will puniſh his Enemies, and crown his Servants; and think our ſelves already ſav'd, becauſe in Hope we are ſo, and in the midſt of all the Croſſes and Calamities that afflict us in this Life. We build our conſolation on this Paſſion, which promiſes not ſo much, but that ſhe

ſhe performs more; ſince as the holy Father St. *Auſtin* ſays, the end of Hope is Eter-nal Happineſs.

This powerful Paſsion ſuſtain'd the Martyrs in the midſt of their Flames, and through the Tortures of implacable Tyrants, ſhew'd them a Crown of Glory which waited for them. The great Apoſtle of the Gentiles has pour'd out all his ſacred Eloquence, to ſhew the miraculous Effects of this glorious Paſſion. Sometimes he ſtiles it the Anchor that keeps our Veſſel firm and ſteddy in the midſt of the boiſterous Ocean, and procures us a Calm even in the moſt raging Tempeſts. In another place he calls it a Shield to quench all the fiery Darts of Satan.

From hence we may gather Hope is neceſſary to us in all conditions and ſtates whatſoever, and that we may very uſefully and profitably employ her, in all the ſeveral re-encounters of our Lives. She is our aſſurance in Storms, our Defence in Combats, and our Glory under Affronts. We muſt beware that ſhe takes not the things of this Life for her Object; no, we muſt propoſe more noble ones to her, and by quitting all pretenſions to theſe ſublu-

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nary Enjoyments, only look after the Blessings which Christ has promis'd us, in the World which is to come.

Of Despair.

AMong all the Passions Despair has had the greatest Honour, and the greatest Blame from Antiquity. She was esteem'd the last effort of Courage; which prompted those great Men, whom we still admire, to kill themselves rather than lose their Freedom; and employ Fire, Sword, and Poyson, to deliver them from the insolency of a victorious Enemy. The Orators and Poets have us'd all their Rhetorick and Eloquence, in describing the Death of *Cato*: and they have so artificially disguis'd this furious Act, that if Faith did not tell us it was execrable, we should still believe it to have been Heroick. *Seneca* was never so florid upon Virtue as upon this Crime; and one would judge from his Encomium's, that he would perswade all Mankind to Despair, and all that are unfortunate to be their own Executioners. With what haughty Eloquence he makes the Gods descend, to contemplate *Cato*'s Carcass; and suspend the Felicities of their Eternal Mansions, to see a Murtherer wallowing

lowing in his Gore. But 'tis no wonder he makes ſo infamous a Murther paſs for a Sacrifice, ſince he makes Drunkenneſs paſs for a Virtue; chuſing rather to maintain a Paradox, than that *Cato*'s Reputation ſhould ſuffer any thing; ſince he was ſo ſeverely charg'd with it. Others too rigorous on the other extremity, conſidering that ſome following the impetuous motions of this Paſſion, have fatally dipt their Hands in their own Blood, would by no means admit of our harbouring an Enemy, that gave us ſuch mortal Counſels.

Both theſe Opinions are equally unjuſt: For Nature has ſhew'd her Care and Indulgence of Man, in nothing more than in giving him this Paſſion; ſince thereby he delivers himſelf from many Evils which oppreſs him, and to which Philoſophy it ſelf could preſcribe no Remedy.

Love makes us deſire, and that very Deſire excites ſuch anxious motions in our Breaſt, whilſt we do not compaſs what we ſo earneſtly long for, that we become miſerable, becauſe we can't refrain loving a Good which we do not enjoy. But Deſpair terminates this wretched uneaſineſs, which otherwiſe would

would not terminate but with our Lives. By a natural Prudence ſhe obliges us to leave off the purſuit, of what ſhe finds impoſſible to attain, and to kill thoſe Deſires which ſerve only to heighten our Miſery. We muſt accuſe our Hope, that too eaſily engages us in Perils, and commend Deſpair that delivers us from them: She is indeed more prudent than courageous, and regards rather Safety than Glory; yet when reduc'd to the laſt puſh, and that a retreat is impoſſible, ſhe grows honourably Courageous, reſolving either to Dye or Conquer. She has often ſnatch'd the Lawrels out of the Hands of the Victorious, and by efforts, which might almoſt paſs for Miracles in ſurmounting Nature, ſhe preſerves Man's Life by making him deſpiſe it, and obtains for him glorious Triumphs, whilſt he ſought an honourable Death.

But to make this Paſſion ſubſervient to our Deſign, we muſt keep it from thoſe two dangerous Extreams, Timidity and Timerity. And tho' this Paſſion is ſometimes innocent in Nature, yet it is always criminal in Grace. For our hope being founded on the veracity of God's Holy Word, we can't deſpair without accuſing

accuſing him, either of inſufficiency or untruth. In Religion, Deſpair is the blackeſt Sin we can define, and he ſhews that he merits not to have his Iniquity pardon'd, who deſpairs that it will be. 'Tis a trampling the Blood of Chriſt under our Feet: And what made *Judas* more criminal, then the very betraying of his Maſter, and *Cain*, then in the murthering his Brother?

God has ſo equally mix'd his Promiſes with his Menaces, his Bleſſings with his Maledictions, throughout the ſacred Scriptures, that Man ſhould neither Deſpair, nor yet Preſume. To aſſure the former, he has propos'd Repentance, whoſe Door is open to all that will come in; and to intimidate the latter, who by their delays impoſe upon his Mercy, he has made the hour of Death uncertain, reducing them hereby to the neceſſity of apprehending that fatal Moment, which being unknown to every living Creature, may eaſily ſurprize us all.

Of Boldneſs.

IF the difficulties which accompany Virtues, enhance their price, and thoſe are regarded as the moſt beautiful which are the moſt painful; Boldneſs ought to be diſtinguiſh'd as the moſt glorious, ſince

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ſhe undertakes to encounter only with what the World produces of terrible and aſtoniſhing, propoſing no other benefit to it ſelf, of all the many Conqueſts it gains, but the bare glory of having atchieved them. Like generous Princes, ſhe leaves the Pillage to the Soldiers, and is ſatisfied with Honour for her dividend. As this Paſſion never takes any thing for its Object, but what is both dangerous and difficult, ſhe is rather ſevere than charming. *It* is eaſie to remark in the very Countenances of thoſe Hero's whom ſhe animates, a certain auſterity and fierceneſs, which argues that her pleaſure is in fatigues, and her chiefeſt diverſion conſiſteth in ſurmounting difficulties; ſhe has no Conſolation but in glory, and no nouriſhment but in hope; with theſe feeble ſuccours ſhe attacks all her Enemies, and gains almoſt as many ſignal Victories, as ſhe gives Battles; ſhe promiſes nothing, but gives much, and tries ſometimes even Impoſſibilities to accompliſh thoſe Promiſes which Hope had made us; and ſurmounts all meer difficulties that retard their execution: She is generous in all her deſigns; and tho' they are ever attended with hazards, yet they are for the moſt

part crowned with a happy, but always with a glorious event. And if the blind Piety of the Poets made them aſcribe the ſofter impulſes of Love to a Divinity, which they ſtyl'd *Cupid*; the miraculous effects of this Paſſion has conſtrain'd them to raiſe Altars to her, and offer up Sacrifices to her under the appellations of *Pollas* and *Bellona*.

To make the qualities of this Paſſion more evident, we will ſubjoyn ſome Inſtances, to all our antecedent Reaſons. *Zerxes* was the moſt puiſſant Monarch that ever was; but gave the moſt palpable demonſtration of his Power when he undertook the Conqueſt of *Greece*: His Army conſiſted of no leſs than two Millions of Men: The Rivers were too ſmall, to make ſo many but quench their thirſt; the Clouds of his Arrows obumbrated the Sun, and this glorious Planet ſuffered Eclipſes which the Aſtrologers could not foreſee in the countenances of the Heavens. All theſe mighty preparations were to ſubjugate a Country that was hardly ſufficient to afford Quarters for ſuch numerous Troops: However *Leonidas* poſſeſſing himſelf of the Straits of *Thermopile*, and entertaining himſelf between theſe Mountains, reſolv'd to give

give him Battle, with only 300 Men. Without all dispute Hope and Fortitude elevated his Courage, and animated this generous Warriour, to an Enterprize equally difficult and glorious. As Hope represented to him the Honour of having made head against the common Enemy, and secur'd his Country's Freedom, prevented their Altars from being raz'd, and their Women from being ravish'd; yet Fortitude more sincere in her Counsels, shew'd him the greatness of the peril; setting before *Leonidas*'s Eyes, that tho' his death was inviolable, yet he ought not to quit his Post; there was no necessity of his overcoming, but there was of his dying; and that he should do enough, if in sacrificing his own Life, he could but repel somewhat of the Enemies haughty Fury. Following then the motions of this generous Passion, he resolv'd to sustain the Charge of an Army, which extended beyond the Horizon, and so bid his Soldiers prepare for Combate and Death. Thus we see that Hope feeds upon Pleasures, which are imaginary, but Fortitude upon pains which are real. The Hope of Success was as much against Reason, as the being overthrown was inevitable. Yet we know,

that this ſmall Handful of Men defended themſelves ſo bravely and ſo long, that tho' they fell there themſelves, yet they might be ſaid to have conquered *Zerxes*'s Army: But at leaſt we muſt allow that this was the Foundation of his total Defeat; and the ſo happy event of this reſolution, ſo bravely executed, encouraged all *Greece*, and ſhewed them, that ſo powerful an Enemy was not invincible if they durſt dye. The Power of a Prince may make him undertake great things, yet nothing inſpires ſo much boldneſs as Innocence. For ſhe thinks that Heaven it ſelf is obliged to appear in her Cauſe, in as much as ſhe is without offence.

Of the good uſe of Boldneſs.

'TIS true, that our Paſſions are oftner criminal than virtuous, and the diſorder of our Nature ſince the Sin of our firſt Parent has occaſioned their greateſt inclinations to be towards Vice, yet with ſome aſſiſtances we may bring them from it. This glorious Paſſion made all the Martyrs deſpiſe their Torments, and whilſt their Bodies diſtill'd drop by drop from the glowing Grid-Irons, their Tongues reproach'd their Perſecutors, and prais'd their God. Grace we muſt grant

grant to be more ſtrong than Nature; yet ſhe doth not refuſe the aſſiſtance of Nature. Virtue ſtands in need of the ſuccours of our Paſſions, and they on the other hand require Virtue to be their Guide.

To make then this Paſſion a Virtue, we muſt ſee ſhe is accompanied with Juſtice. He that takes Arms to ruin his Country, is rather Criminal than Courageous; and tho' he dye with his Sword in his Hand, in the thickeſt of his Enemies, yet the illegitimateneſs of his intentions will take from him the Character of Glorious.

We muſt likewiſe try our Forces before we begin to attack our Enemy. Virtue is not ſo rigid as to exact impoſſibilities of us: ſhe requires but what is in our power, and would have us in all undertakings weigh, whether the Medium we uſe is proportionable to the end we propoſe.

But a Chriſtian's boldneſs muſt have two other Conditions, which are Humility and Hatred of our ſelves; for he who has not conquer'd his Inclination, cant hope to triumph over Pleaſuress and he who has not declar'd open Wa; againſt his Body, is in no good condir

tion of doing it againſt the ſorrow of his Mind. Let us then make uſe of our Forces againſt our ſelves, that we may the better ſucceed, when we employ them againſt other Enemies; and let us ſurmount the love of our ſelves, if we would ſurmount the fear of Death.

Of Fear.

THere are ſome Paſſions, whoſe Names belie their Nature, and which are nothing leſs within, than what they appear without. Hope hath an agreeable Aſpect; yet ſhe procures us as many Miſeries, as ſhe promiſes us Advantages. Fear is look'd upon as the baſeſt of all the Paſſions, and is thought to be the pure reſult of an ignoble Spirit. But there is a great deal of Error and Injuſtice in this Sentiment; for ſhe is prudent in effect, only deſcrying Evils to ſhew us how to avoid them; and as Man is expos'd to many Multitudes of various Dangers, that may overwhelm him, this paſſion is continually upon guard, prying even into futurity it ſelf, to diſcover a poſſible danger; which being cautiouſly warded off, ſecures our Felicity at the ſame time it prevents any Diſaſter.

Fear then is a natural prudence, which delivers us from an Evil, by the very Appre-

prehenſion alone ſhe gives us of it, and is not leſs uſeful in the Church than in State. The fear of eternal Puniſhments, firſt made Man ſeek to appeaſe the irritated Gods, to build Temples, erect Altars, burn incenſe, and Immolate Sacrifices. And tho' Religion bids us love God for his own worthineſs ſake, yet 'tis highly to be preſum'd, that Fear has made the moſt of his Votaries; nay, ſav'd more guilty Souls than Hope it ſelf. The fear of God (ſays the Divine Text) is the beginning of Wiſdom; that is, in other words, the ſupporter of Virtue, and the foundation of Piety. Vice would grow inſolent, and the Law of no uſe, had not Nature plac'd this Paſſion in Man's Soul, and made the moſt hardy Criminal apprehend Puniſhment: And the Judge can give Sentence but upon what he knows; yet this faithful Miniſter of God's Vengeance, makes the Guilty tremble in the midſt of their Friends, and enjoy neither reſt nor ſecurity either in Cities or Deſerts.

This may ſerve for one Inſtance, that our Nature is not entirely corrupted, ſince ſhe retains ſtill in the midſt of all thoſe Imperfections which environ her, an abhorrence and hatred of Sin, as well

as a fear and dread of Puniſhment. Whereſoe'er we hide our ſelves, the ſecret remorſes of our Conſciences go with us; aſſuring us that there is a Divinity, which ſees the moſt ſecret tranſactions of our Lives, and puniſhes them after our Death. Of thoſe many thouſands of Chriſtians, who confeſs and acknowledge Chriſt, there are but few that ſtand not more indebted to their Fear than their Love, and endeavour to purchaſe Heaven, only to ſecure them from Hell; loving God's Mercy, becauſe they fear his Juſtice. And 'tis no ſmall matter, that this Paſſion (by its motions) ſhould open a Door of Salvation to the ungodly, and ſhew Sinners the way to Virtue.

If ſhe is thus beneficial in Affairs of Religion, ſhe is no leſs in Affairs of State. We live alas! no longer in that happy Age when Friendſhip united Mankind, and ſuperſeded Laws; when Love baniſh'd Injuſtice from the face of the Earth. No; now our Love to our ſelves is eſtabliſh'd in hating our Neighbour; and we muſt reſtrain them by Fear, whom we cannot win by Affection: We erect Gibbets to terrify the Criminal, and invent Tortures to render Death more horrid; that ſo what was an indiſpenſable

Tribute

Tribute of Nature, should by this means become a Chastizement of Iniquity.

Nature has not given us this Passion to be a Torment to us, but a Security, for she considers only those Dangers that are avoidable: If once she finds them inevitable, she leaves off the intentions of strugling with them; vain efforts are to be condemn'd in every thing; so we must support what we cannot shun. Who would not judge Fear to be the Guardian of our Repose, who studies nothing but our security, and only gives us an Alarm, that we may prepare to oppose an Enemy who cometh to invade it? But as there are some Accidents, which our Prudence can't fore-see, nor our Courage vanquish, we must not be astonished if some others surprize Fear, and get the better of a Passion, after having triumph'd over two glorious Virtues.

Of the good use of Fear.

FEar hath this property of Prudence, that it is most especially busied about things to come; and when she has discover'd a Danger at a distance, calls in all her Forces to combat it. Courage and Conduct is not every Man's Lot, and hardly any Man's in perfection; for one is the property of fiery vigorous

Youth; and the other the tedious Leſſons of a long Experience, acquir'd only in an Age, wherein we are no longer fit for Action our ſelves, and therefore only proper to give Advice. As Fear is more conſiderate than generous, ſo is ſhe more proper to deliberate than engage. She may be as ſucceſsfully applied in Vertue, as againſt Vice: What is Shame but the fear of Infamy? and this innocent Paſſion protects all the Virtues. How many Men would be look'd upon under a leſs glorious Character, were it not for the Inſtigations of this Paſſion, owing their Innocence to their apprehenſion of Scandal; acting not to ſatisfie their Duty, but to ſave their Reputations? If we would encourage this Paſſion in our Souls, we ſhould keep our ſelves unhurt from a Thouſand Temptations which would otherwiſe triumph over our Innocence. Who is there proof againſt the illecebrations of the Fleſh? and what refrains us from yielding to ſuch powerful, ſuch charming Sollicitations, but the bare fear of Diſcredit here and Damnation hereafter?

Of Anger.

ANger draws its ſtrength from the other many Paſſions, whereof ſhe is

is compos'd; & seems couragious only because she is so well seconded. Sorrow raises her, Desire stirs her up to Revenge, Hope sustains her there, & Boldness carries her on to the accomplishing what she violently affects. For when we find it impossible to get that Revenge we proposed to our selves, our Anger sinks into Sadness, & loses both its Name and its Nature.

We may then define Anger to be a Motion of the Sensitive Appetite, seeking after a Revenge for an Injury committed; she thinks that she is always reasonable, because she has always Justice on her side. She has depopulated Cities, and made Deserts of whole Provinces; she has dethron'd a thousand Monarchs; sacrificed some even in the very midst of their Guards; and that august Glory which shines on a Sovereign's Brow, could not secure them from feeling the terrible Effects of this Passion. Yet in all these Devastations, she believes her self innocent, and that she has but exacted a just Satisfaction for the Injuries she had receiv'd. Thus after having call'd in the Assistance of Fortitude to perpetrate her Cruelties, she summons Reason to justifie such Proceedings. She sows Discord in private

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Families, Enmity between Man and Wife, and Civil Wars in a Commonwealth. Envy, with all its Malignity and Rancour, is contented with the Wiſhing Evil, and leaves the Event to Deſtiny; but this ſavage Paſſion (more criminal than all the others together) prevents the Rigours of Fate, and takes a pleaſure in making others miſerable; nor doth ſhe think their Puniſhment ſevere enough, if ſhe has not her ſelf a Hand in the inflicting it. The Poverty of ſome Nations ſecures them from Ambition, Pride, Voluptuouſneſs, and Avarice; but none were ever exempted from the tyranny of this Paſſion; it reigns equally amongſt the Barbarians and thoſe who are civilized, and employs Bows, and Arrows, and Slings to execute its Fury, where it has not as yet introduced the uſe of Artillery and Swords.

The moſt troubleſom Condition of this fatal Paſſion is that the ſmalleſt occaſion is enough to excite it; a wrye Look, a Miſtake, a croſs Word, a Jeſt from a *Friend* or a ſmart Repartee from any one, ſets all in a flame in a Moment. In the very inſtant of its Birth, it is at full Growth, and if the other Paſſions may

may be ſaid to puſh us forward, this may as truly be ſaid to precipitate us. Since ſhe is ſo very haſty, no wonder if ſhe be inconſiderate likewiſe, and makes us often commit an unpardonable Crime, in revenging a ſmall Affront, and expoſe our Lives to accompliſh our Satisfaction for ſome imaginary Injury.

The good Uſe of Anger.

AS the Motions of this Paſſion are too impetuous to give Place to Reaſon, ſo we ſhall never reap any Advantage from it, but through the means of Grace; ſhe is too ſudden to be prevented, and too violent to be ſuppreſt.

To make her ſubſervient to Virtue the ſureſt Method is to prepoſſeſs our *Minds* with the *Frivolouſneſs* of thoſe *Things* which ordinarily excite her, ſhew her how ſhe is abuſed in the eſtimate ſhe makes of Things; that we are only offended becauſe we are ignorant; that they are not ſo much Injuries as Arguments of our great *Weakneſs*. Could we perſwade our *Selves*, That Virtue only is all our *Riches*, all our *Glory*, we ſhould not be ſurprized by this Paſſion. 'Tis not really ours what Fortune can deprive us of; and what is under her Do-

Dominion is not absolutely good in it self; and therefore no ways worthy the very inconsiderable Uneasiness of but one anxious Thought or Desire.

In respect of Injuries; if they are but slight, they ought to be despised; if they seem great, we must mitigate and allay their Blackness by some Considerations. They will not do us so much harm, as to their own Author; and will be the more glorious for us to suffer, as they are unjustly done to us Had there been no Tyrants, there had been no Martyrs, and the Cruelty of the one, was as necessary as the Constancy of the other. What matters it if the Action of this Man be unjust, provided I can reap a Benefit from it? *Joseph* ow'd his Grandeur to his Brother's Malice: And if they had not sold him a Slave to *Ægypt*, he had never been *Pharaoh*'s chief Minister. And if we think it a happy Bondage that procures us a Kingdom here, why should we not forgive an Injury to gain that of Heaven? A frequent Meditation on these and such like Reasons, would make such an Impression on our Minds, as that this Passion would very rarely be able to surprize us.

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With theſe Precautions we may draw ſome Advantages from this Paſſion. Kings and Judges may uſe her beneficially in ſupporting Juſtice, when either Fear or Favour would try to hinder the Execution of the Laws. The Holy Scriptures aſſure us that God is ſometimes angry: And the Wiſeman giving a Deſcription of that terrible Day, when the Almighty will take Vengeance of his Enemies, he arms the Divinity Capa-pee: He ſhall put on his Armour in his Zeal (ſays he;) Juſtice ſhall be his Breaſt Plate, Judgment his Helmet, Righteouſneſs his Shield, and Anger ſhall be his Launce. Tho' the Prophet accommodates this Deſcription to the weakneſs of Man's Capacity, yet 'tis certain that the Son of God had Whips and Cords to revenge the Quarrel of his Father; and had that juſt Reſentment painted on his adorable Viſage, which prudent Magiſtrates have when they puniſh Crimes and defend Innocence. The greateſt and wiſeſt King thought his People could not be well governed without this Paſſion. The Sword he wears ought to be as much employed in puniſhing Violence at HOME, as that from Abroad;

and

and that he ought to have the ſame juſt Indignation, when the Laws are infring'd by his Subjects, as when his Frontiers are ſurpriz'd by his Neighbours. Anger and Mildneſs are the Bridles by which the People are kept in awe, and Peace made to flouriſh throughout the Kingdom. *The Wrath of a King is as the roaring of a Lyon, but his Smiles are as the Dew upon the Graſs.*

Our Bleſſed Saviour ſaid, *Be angry, and ſin not*; ſo that this Paſſion may be ſafely admitted into our Breaſt; but it muſt be with great circumſpection. If it take any other Object than our ſelves, we have reaſon to fear an overthow. In this is it moſt fitly imployed about the puniſhing our own ſelves, that the inſtinct every Man naturally has to preſerve himſelf, will ſo far moderate the effects of this Paſſion, that we need not apprehend its outrages. Oh happy Anger! that offending Man, appeaſes God; that by its Tears blots out its Iniquities, and is abſov'd by accuſing it ſelf, and which by ſmall pain delivers us from the Torments of the Damned, to enjoy the Felicities of the Angels.

Of Pleaſure.

IF Hope is thought to merit ſo many and ſo high Encomiums, as that ſhe

is

is the moſt charming agreeable Paſſion that riſes in Mans Soul, and that which flatters our ſenſes with the moſt ſenſible delectation; what ſhall we ſay of Pleaſure, which is the delicious fruit whereof the other was but a bud, or bloſſom at moſt? This is the effect, and the other was but a fair promiſe. This is the motion of the Soul that terminates all the reſt: As Love is the commencement, this is the conſummation, and in all the different forms which Love aſſumes, he is the moſt agreable in this; in all the others, he is mix'd with troubles, dangers, fatigues, hardſhips, and as many various miſeries as he is metamorphos'd into different ſhapes; yet in this of Pleaſure he is abſolutely all the deſires; he is at once victorious, triumphant, and happy.

Pleaſure is the fruition of an agreeable good which renders the Soul ſatisfied, interdicting any motion of deſire, ſorrow, or fear; this definition excludes all thoſe delights our Memory furniſhes us with, in the recollection of a paſt Felicity: Thoſe ſhadows of Joy may ſerve to entertain our thoughts with, but are not ſolid enough to conſtitute a real tranqui-

Tranquillity; It being as natural to regret a Felicity which we have loſt, as deſire one that is abſent from us: As alſo all thoſe infamous Pleaſures which Voluptuouſneſs creates; the pain of deſiring them exceeds by much the delectation of fruition: They are ſuch Mortal Enemies of our quiet, that they are never enjoy'd without rendring us miſerable, as well as criminal, at one fatal ſtroke wounding both Soul and Body.

True Pleaſure is never ſo agreable as when 'tis extream; the greater it is, the more it raviſhes us. The ſolid ſatisfaction of a rational Creature conſiſteth in the Mind, and Man cannot be contented if the more noble part of his Syſtem is not happy. The knowledge of Truth, and the practice of Virtue ought to be his great divertiſement: He muſt follow the moſt pure of his inclinations, and in the compoſition of his Body he muſt labour rather to pleaſe the Angel, than gratifie the Beaſt. He muſt remember that the Body is but the Slave of the Soul, and in his choice of Pleaſures, he ought to give the Deference to the Sovereign. If any man is of a contrary ſentiment, we cannot but conclude that Sin, which depriv'd him of Grace, has robb'd

robb'd him likewiſe of his Underſtanding and Reaſon too. The pleaſures of the Senſes are limited, but thoſe of the Soul are not ſo: That ſweet Odour which gratifies the Smel, pleaſes no other Senſe. Muſick, which raviſhing the Soul from the Body, puts us in Heaven with the glorious Cherubims, has no effect but upon the Ear. Virtue ſatisfies every faculty of the Soul, and indeed ſhe is never contented by halves; what charms her in one power is diffuſive, and her Joy becomes univerſal. The happineſs of the Body is but a ſhadow, and its felicity but an empty vain appearance: Whilſt that of the Soul is real, ſolid, and ſubſtantial, not to be taken away from them who poſſeſs it, even by death it ſelf, but what will accompany them into a happy Eternity.

Of the good uſe of Pleaſure.

THoſe who condemn Pleaſure, at the ſame time condemn Nature, accuſing her of over-ſights in all her Works; for ſhe has ſo mixt it in all the moſt minute affairs of our lives, that we do nothing wherein ſhe has not equally an agreableneſs as a neceſſity. Hunger makes us eat, and our Nouriſhment pleaſes the Palate whilſt it concerns our Lives.

Lives. As Pleaſure is uſeful to the Body, ſo it is neceſſary to the Soul. We would not combate againſt Vice, but for the Joy and Glory which the Conqueſt yields us. Who would go through the many difficulties that attend the acquiring of knowledge, but for the ſweetneſs they reap after their labours? But as Nature has diffus'd ſome pleaſure in all theſe things, 'tis to ſerve us, not as an impellent motive, but as an aſſiſtant only, and to be rather our refreſhment under our difficulties, than the reward of them: A ſpur or encouragement to arrive at the end, but it muſt not be the end it ſelf. The pleaſures or enjoyments of the Earth may divert us, but muſt not take up too much of us; Nature deſigning them not ſo much for our felicity, as our comfort.

Our bleſſed Saviour has aſſur'd us, that all the pleaſures and happineſs of this World, are not worth our looking after; and therefore he counſels us to renounce forthwith the blandiſhments of the World, and eſtabliſh our felicity in Heaven. He has order'd us by the mouth of his Apoſtles, never to open the door of our hearts, but to thoſe pure unallayed conſolations which have the

Holy-

Holy-Ghoſt for their ſource and ſpring; and conſulting our Intereſts only, he obliges us to look after a Joy, which being grounded upon himſelf, cannot be raviſh'd from us, either by the Malice of Man, or by the Iniquity of Fortune; and which having an infinite goodneſs for their Cauſe and Object, have their duration only circumſcribed by Eternity.

Of Sorrow.

THis Paſſion ſeems to be natural to Man; the others but accidental: Few Parts of our Body are Partakers of our Pleaſures, or capable of receiving any one Particular: But no Part of us, but alas! is ſenſible of Pain, Sorrow and Grief. The Spirit is dejected, and the Eyes mourn; Sadneſs diſplays it ſelf through the whole Oeconomy. The very deplorableneſs of our State doth argue Pain to be more eſſential to us than Pleaſure. We are born in Tears, we live in Sorrow, and dye in Sighs. For one vain, tranſient and imaginary Pleaſure, we feel a thouſand real weighty Evils. And what is a farther Confirmation of the Miſery of our Condition, we are much more ſenſible of Pain than Pleaſure. A ſmall Diſtemper deſtroys all our moſt ſolid Contentment;

a Fit of the Gout or Stone, is capable to make a Conqueror forget his Lawrels, and the Pomp of all his Triumphs.

Grief is a real Evil that attacks both Soul and Body at once, making a double Wound at each Blow. When the Body is neceſſitated to undergo the ſharpneſs of Tortures, the rigours of the Seaſons, and the violence of Diſtempers, the Soul is obliged to ſigh with her, and that Bond which unites them, makes their Miſery common; ſhe apprehends Wounds, tho' ſhe is invulnerable, and Death, tho' ſhe is immortal; and this only by reaſon of that ſtrict Communication, which ſhe has with the Body. We all agree, that the Soul cannot be happy, whilſt the Body is miſerable; and to confirm us in this Opinion, we know that the Soul of our bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, tho' it was happy in it ſelf, yet it was pierced with Grief, when he ſaid to his Diſciples, *My Soul is ſorrowful even unto death:* And the Felicity of his Divinity ſeem'd to be ſuſpended during his Agony; for it was not without Cauſe that he cry'd, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?*

The

The Soul is much more happy than the Body by this Union; for by the very Reflection on a paſt Miſery ſhe creates to her ſelf new Pains whereof the Body feels no part, and ſo of but one only Evil ſhe makes a double Martyrdom.

The effect of this melancholy Paſſion are very ſtrange; for when Sorrow is not extreme, ſhe is ingenious, and renders Man Eloquent without the benefit of Rhetorick; to hear their pathetick Expreſſions, that multitude of Sighs, that ſo eaſily ſecond the energy of their lugubrous Diſcourſes, one would think that the greateſt horrours and anguiſh of Nature, were infinitely leſs than what they groan under. But when ſhe is extreme, ſhe ſtupifies, hardly leaving Man the uſe of any Senſe; and who was ſo florid in deſcribing a ſmall Evil, confeſſes by his ſilence, that this is without compariſon greater, ſince it is unutterable. *Curæ leves loquuntur, magnæ ſtupent.* This mighty alteration gave occaſion to the Poets to feign, that it Converted ſome into Rocks, others into Stones.

The good uſe of Sorrow.

WE muſt not wonder if the *Stoicks* condemn a Paſſion, when they

they do not approve even of the very Virtues ſhe produces; placing their Wiſemen in ſuch a State of Felicity, that no humane cauſe could ever interrupt: In the plundering of a City, or the deſtruction of their Country, they were ſtill as unmov'd, as *Jupiter* would be at the diſſolution of the Univerſe; and if they granted a Sigh to a deceaſed Parent, or ſhed a Tear with the reflection of their Countries Ruin; yet this was without ever Affecting the Soul, whoſe Feliciry conſiſting in its ſelf, it could not be mov'd by any external Cauſe. But ſure the pomp of theſe haughty Expreſſions, could be only to preſerve the Soul in her Sovereignty, and perſwade us not to be ſo far overwhelm'd with the pain of the Body, as to dethrone the Mind; and of the Malady of the Slave, make the Miſery of the Sovereign; which the better to effect, ſhe us'd the policy of the Orators, who by their *Hyperboles* perſwade us of Verities, and prove all things poſſible, to animate us to ſome that are difficult. Therefore that the Soul might not ſink under the weakneſs of the Body, but be eſtabliſh'd in her Empire, they have made uſe of Terms ſomewhat more Eloquent than true.

Sor-

Sorrow is ſo reaſonable a Paſſion, that there are ſome Junctures, wherein it were Impiety not to be afflicted; and we muſt not only bewail our own Sins, but our Neighbours Miſeries. We ſtand indebted to this Paſſion for our Innocence; becauſe our converſion to Grace, is perfected in our ſorrow for Sin; and the Juſtice of God ſatisfied with the ſincerity of our Tears.

In other Circumſtances ſhe works not ſo miraculouſly: If our Afflictions comfort the Living, they do not raiſe the Dead, and if they aſſure the Wretched of our Affection, they deliver them not from the anguiſh of their Torments. But the ſadneſs of Repentance is of another nature, thoſe grievous Sighs which oppreſs Sin ſave the Sinner; theſe Tears waſh away the Crime, and ſanctifie the Criminal. Sorrow alone for having offended, becomes here a compleat ſatisfaction: And as God knoweth that it lies not in our power, to alter any thing which has already hapned; ſo he graciouſly accepts of our Repentance, for having tranſgreſſed. And as he ſees the bottom of our Hearts, ſo when our Tears are unfeigned, he never refuſes them his Pardon. Were it not for this

Paſſion there could be no Salvation, ſince there can be no Repentance without Sorrow; we will therefore be vehement in the defence of a Paſſion, from which we receive ſuch conſiderable Advantages: And tho' Princes thinking this too auſtere a Paſſion to have admittance into their Courts, by Muſick, Balls, Dancings, Plays, and many other Divertiſements, ſeek to keep it from an Entrance; yet before the Tribunal of God, this Paſſion has more Credit than all the others united in one. She can boaſt that ſhe works the ſtrange Metamorphoſis in Grace; of making Saints of Sinners; and of the Children of Diſobedience, Darkneſs and Perdition, ſhe makes Children of Light, Brothers with the Son of God, and Heirs of everlaſting Felicities, and of a Crown and Kingdom which can know no end.

The Concluſion.

FRom all theſe Diſcourſes 'tis eaſie to judge, that there is no Paſſion in our Souls, which may not be advantageouſly managed by Reaſon as well as Grace. For to ſumm up all what has been ſaid in the whole Work; Love may

may be chang'd into a holy Amity, and Hatred may be brought to a juſt Indignation. Deſires moderated are ſo many good Aſſiſtants, to acquire Virtue. Eſchewing is the proper ſecurity of Chaſtity: Hope animates us to brave and generous Undertakings, and our Deſpair turns us from raſh ones: Fear is ſerviceable to Prudence, and Boldneſs to Valour: As brutiſh as Anger ſeems, ſhe ſides with Juſtice: Joy is an innocent Antepaſt of Felicity: Grief a ſhort pain, that frees us from Eternal Torments: So that our Salvation depends only upon the good uſe of our Paſsions, and Virtue it ſelf, only ſubſiſteth by the good employment of the Motions of our Soul

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